

50  
NATIONAL SONGS, BALLADS,

AND OTHER

PATRIOTIC POETRY,

CHIEFLY RELATING TO THE WAR OF

1845

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COMPILED BY  
WILLIAM M'CARTY.

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PHILADELPHIA :

WILLIAM M'CARTY.

1846

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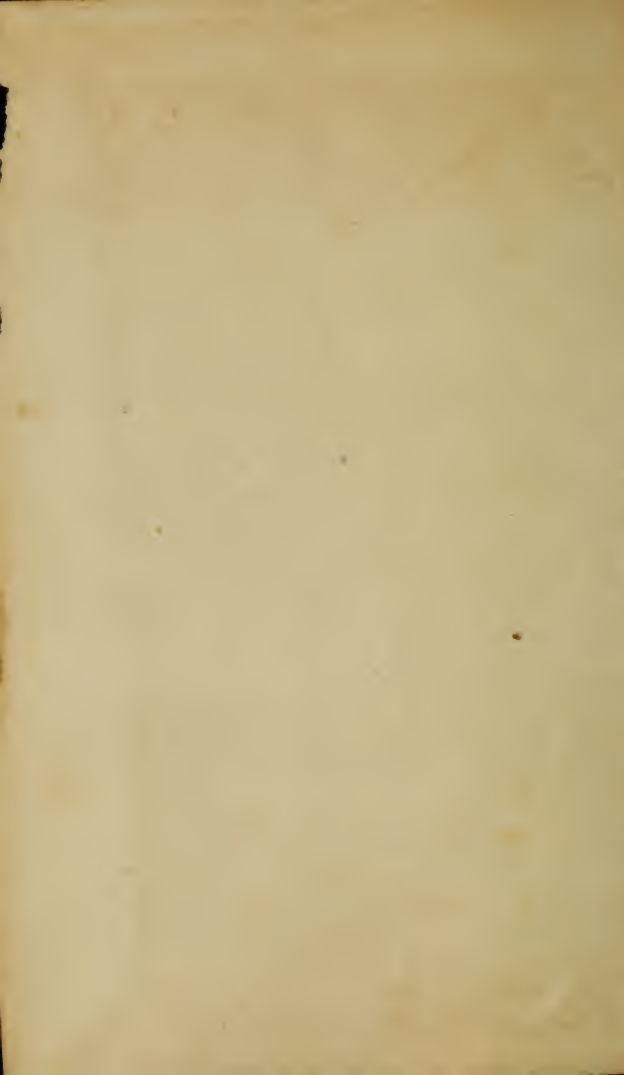
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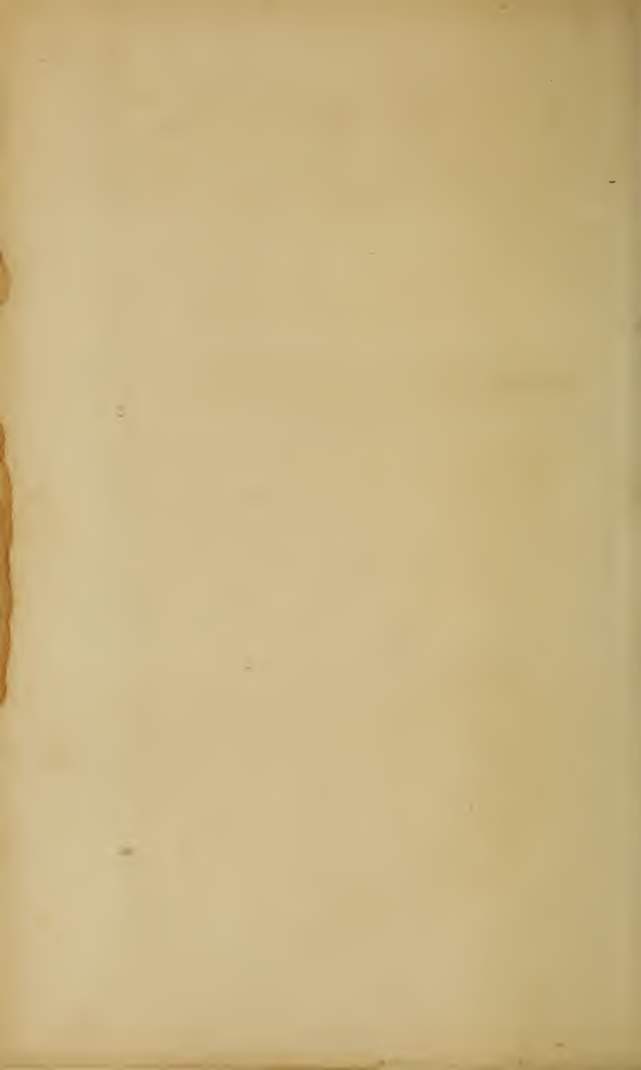
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PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM M'CARTY.

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1846.

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ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by  
WM. M<sup>C</sup>CARTY,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District  
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*Stereotyped by*  
MOGRIDGE AND M<sup>C</sup>CARTY.

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*Wm. S. Young, Printer.*

**This Volume is Dedicated**

**To the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates,  
of the United States Army, who, on the 8th and on  
the 9th day of May, 1846, with matchless skill, and  
indomitable courage, sustained their own, and their  
country's honor, in the Battles of Palo Alto and  
Resaca de la Palma :**

**BY THE COMPILER.**



## NATIONAL SONGS.

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From Bennett's New-York Herald, June 17, 1846.

### I TAYLOR ON THE RIO GRANDE.

*Tune—"The Barking Barber."*

I SING a doleful tragedy  
That late befel in Texas,  
How the Mexicans crossed o'er the line,  
And terribly did vex us ;  
That is—they would have vex'd us sore,  
And folks wont soon forget them ;  
Their will was good t' invade our soil,  
But Taylor wouldn't let them.  
Tow row row—  
Tol-de-ridy, rol-de-ridy, tow row row.

### II.

Mejia came from Mexico  
Brimful of blood and thunder—  
And crossing o'er to Taylor's camp,  
Compelled him to knock under ;  
That is—he would have cross'd the stream  
With bombs and balls, and powder O,  
But the river was too wide to jump,  
And here stood "Rough and Ready,"  
Tow row row, &c.

## III.

Therefore Mejia staid at home,  
And thence attack'd our "*moral-e* ;  
Our men desert by regiments,  
And officers they quarrel—eh ?  
That is—they would have run away,  
And officers the race a' joined—  
But Anglo-Saxons cannot run,  
Not having thus been disciplined.  
Tow row row, &c.

## IV.

Next comes Ampudia, with his hosts  
Of horses, men, and asses, O ;  
With these he breaks up Taylor's ~~army~~  
And drives him o'er the Nueces, O .  
That is—he would have storm'd the ~~box~~  
And kick'd us out of Texas, O,  
But on our flag are stripes and stars,  
And ev'ry star protects us, O.  
Tow row row, &c.

## V.

'Then, last of all, Arista comes,  
And sad the tale it is to tell,  
How Taylor muster'd all his troops,  
And cut and run for Isabel ;  
The "yellow bellies" starving were.  
And victuals much they need them ;  
So Taylor ran to Isabel  
To fetch supplies to feed them.  
Tow row row, &c.

## VI.

'Twas like the road we read about,  
Jerusalem to Jericho,  
The thieves do him both strip and kill  
And then they hold a barbecue ;  
That is—they would have plundered him  
Of powder, pork, and beeves, you know,  
If they had been good managers,  
Or e'en ha' been good thieves, you know.  
Tow row row, &c.

## VII.

Now on the eighth and ninth of May,  
In eighteen hundred forty-six,  
Full three to one, they choose their ~~gun~~  
Quite sure to catch him in a fix ;  
Arista even cook'd a feast,  
So sure was he of victory,  
Which he resolved to celebrate  
With song and wine and revelry.  
Tow row row, &c.

On Taylor came and met the foe  
All marshall'd forth so pompously,  
And there he's slain two thousand men,  
All chaw'd up catawampously ;  
That is—he would have sure been slain,  
And murder'd without quarter,  
For caught he was, and by the foe,  
But then they caught a Tartar !  
Tow row row, &c.

## IX.

And now the deeds of those two days  
 Were ended with that "smoking feast;"  
 They all did dine, both friend and foe,  
 Arista too, the noblest guest;  
 That is—he might have dined, and heard  
 Our Yankee doodle dandy O,  
 But he had left the feast behind,  
 And swam the Rio Grande O.  
 Tow row row, &c.

## 2 SONG OF THE MEMPHIS VOLUNTEERS.

*Air—"Lucy Neal."*

ONE mornin' bright and early,  
 De news came safe to hand,  
 Dat de Mexicans ten thousand strong,  
 Had cross'd de Rio Grande!  
 O, de Rio Grande, O, de Rio Grande,  
 We would we were upon your banks,  
 Wid rifle in our hand.

We'd raise de barrel to our eye,  
 Take trigger in de hand,  
 Some Memphis thunder soon dey'd hear,  
 Or leap de Rio Grande.  
 O, de Rio Grande, &c.

O, Memphis is a mighty place,  
 Can raise a fightin' band,

Dat soon are ready for a march  
To rescue Rio Grande.  
O, de Rio Grande, &c.

Wid bosoms to de shock ob war  
Boldly we would stand,  
And dar present a noble front  
On de riber Rio Grande  
O, de Rio Grande, &c.

We are waitin' for our orders  
To shake our true lub's hand,  
To shed a tear—then haste away  
To rescue Rio Grande.  
O, de Rio Grande, &c.

Now ladies will you remember,  
If we fall as soldiers should,  
To shed for us a secret tear,  
A tear of gratitude.  
And now for de Rio Grande,  
And now for de Rio Grande,  
We would we were already dere,  
Wid rifle in our hand.

Our thanks now to de Memphis gals,  
For de flags under which we stand,  
And when dey hear from us again,  
'Twill be from de Rio Grande.  
We are bound for de Rio Grande,  
We are bound for de Rio Grande,  
We would we were already dere,  
Wid rifle in our hand.

[From the Pennsylvanian.]

### 3 TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR RINGGOLD

THE bird of light unfolds her wings,  
To conquer and to save,  
Yet lingers mournfully above  
The gallant Ringgold's grave.  
Oh ! peaceful may he ever rest  
Within that fatal dell,  
And sacred be the spot whereon,  
The gallant hero fell.

He *may* slumber on in silence *now*,  
Beneath the dewy sod,  
But died he not for *Liberty*,  
His *Country*, and his *God* ?  
And is there not a halo cast  
About his very name,  
That passports to posterity  
And everlasting fame ?

He hastened to the battle,  
Like a stray beam from the sun,  
And foremost in the flashing fight  
Stood thundering at his gun ;  
With quick and deadly aim swept off  
The invading ranks around,  
And strewed the foes of Freedom thick  
On Freedom's chosen ground.

Like a *Christian* and a *soldier*,  
He placed his trust on high,

And looked for aid alone to Him  
    "Who dwelleth in the sky;"  
Then hurried like a thunderbolt  
    Where death and carnage moved,  
Encouraging to victory  
    The loving and the loved.

But ah! he sleeps all dreamless now  
    Upon a distant shore,  
And views the glittering stars and stripes  
    Exultingly no more ;  
There peaceful rest his honored form ;  
    Let the sea his requiem swell,  
And sacred be the *spot whereon*  
    *The gallant hero fell.*

May 30th, 1846.

---

#### 4 A WAR SONG FOR THE TEXAN VOLUNTEERS.

*Written by Caleb Lyons, Esq. in New York, May 18th, 1846.*

INSCRIBED TO THE HERO OF SAN JACINTO.

THE blood of our brethren yet cries from the ground  
Revenge, and our country doth echo the sound ;  
O'er hill-top and valley, o'er forest and plain,  
The loud shout of freemen rolls on to the main.  
Montezuma's decendants will raise the glad cry—  
"The Saxons are coming, our freedom is nigh."

---

We'll conquer the land where Mexican reigns,  
And break for the people their cankering chains—  
Too long hath proud tyrants been lording it o'er  
That lovely, long-fettered and beautiful shore,  
And blest be the people that down-trodden cry—  
"The Saxons are coming, our freedom is nigh."

We'll avenge every wrong, every stain wipe away,  
And children unborn will yet bless the proud day,  
When our nation uprose, as a man, sword in hand,  
And defended our soil from a merciless band,  
While the Aztec will shout, as a hymn to the sky—  
"The Saxons are coming, our freedom is nigh."

Brave soldiers, to arms! ye are valiant and strong,  
Come shoulder the rifle, the sword buckle on;  
Arouse in your might—let the Empire State feel  
A wild thrill of pride in your patriot zeal;  
While the peals of our cannon will thunder on  
high—  
"The Saxons are coming, and freedom is nigh."

The vultures have fed on the bones of our brave,  
Our soldiers now bleed by the Rio Grande's wave,  
But when Eagle meets Eagle, in bristling array,  
By the blood of our fathers, we'll conquer that day;  
God's\* voice, in the people's, comes whispering by—  
"The Saxons are coming, and freedom is nigh."

---

\* "Vox Populi, Vox Dei."

Then up with our banner, the pride of the bold—  
Unconquered, victorious, it floated of old;  
It blinded the eyes of grim despots to see  
The light of its stars o'er the shores of the free—  
And now it will vanquish—aye, raise it on high--  
Upheld by the Saxons, who'll conquer or die.

---

[From the Daily Keystone.]

**5** The following *Impromptu* rhyme was suggested by the *names* of our **Generals** at present serving in the army.

WHAT land seems so blest in her *General* means—  
Whether at Rio Grande or at New Orleans—  
To deal to invaders a terrible blow,  
And exhibit how freemen can deal with a foe?

We have General *Wool*, for a *clothing* of glory,  
Though that *Wool* should be found on the battle-  
field gory,  
And the foe can't succeed, though for triumph he  
thirsted,  
Such noble material could never be *worsted*.

And as every tree must be known by its fruit,  
We have General *Taylor* to follow up *suit*.  
And the Mexicans know from the lessons he teaches,  
That they must *cut out* when he's making the  
*breaches*!

---

Then in General reckoning, we'll have on the plains  
To add to our triumph, our General *Gaines*  
And one other we'll add, for indeed there's no dearth  
Let valor be known by its General *Worth* !

Now a word to the worthy who routed the gunners,  
*One American Walker* make thousands of *runners*,  
And the flowers we gathered on that glorious day,  
Were the richest were ever produced by a *May* !

Glorious *May*, sure more prized flowers never yet  
sprung

From our soil, that that day on thy victory hung,  
And made their entwining a rich floral shield  
To save our young Freedom on liberty's field !

Success to our eagle, the bird of the free—  
May her pinion still soar o'er the land and the sea ;  
And the exile, with love and fidelity cling  
To the liberty found 'neath her fostering wing !

Proud land, thrice already to kings have you shown,  
That their "Holy Alliance" must let you alone.  
No Monarchist minions can cause you alarms  
For your sons are secure 'gainst a *world* in arms !

## RINGGOLD.

DEATH had no pangs—thy duty done,  
E'en to the last, with gallant zeal,  
'Mid serried hosts fighting as one  
That felt a mighty nation's weal.

With soldiers' tears upon thy grave  
Thou sleepest by a deep ravine—  
Where cactus blossoms gaily wave,  
And the palmetto's form is seen.

The Indian hunter oft will pause  
With lassoed steed beside thy mound,  
And as his blanket closer draws,  
Will think he hears the cannon's sound.

Thy glorious memory is enshrined  
In every patriot's glowing heart ;  
A kingdom was thy noble mind—  
Where love of country reigned apart.

In thy last moments did a dream  
Of early love—of distant years  
Fill thy bosom with a beam  
Of hope, amid life's darker fears ?

If so, how transient was the thought  
That faded, as a sparkling tide,  
And this inspiring murmur brought—  
"Thou'st bravely for thy country died."

A laurel wreath we give to thee,  
 All glittering with blood and tears;  
 Yet, thine a coronal shall be  
 Of glory, amid countless years.



The following song, published in several of the newspapers before the recent events on the Rio Grande, will be read or sung with a melancholy interest—a just tribute to the gallant artillerists, and to their lamented leader.

[From the Boston Daily Times.]

7

“FIRE AWAY.”

THE SONG OF RINGGOLD'S ARTILLERISTS.

THE Mexican bandits  
 Have crossed to our shore,  
 Our soil has been dyed  
 With our countrymen's gore;  
 The murderer's triumph  
 Was their's for a day:—  
 Our triumph is coming—  
 So fire—fire away!  
 Fire away!

Be steady—be ready—  
 And firm every hand—  
 Pour your shot like a storm  
 On the murderous band.  
 On their flanks, on their centre,  
 Our batteries play—

And we sweep them like chaff,  
As we fire—fire away !  
Fire away !

Lo ! the smoke-wreaths uprising !  
The belching flames tear  
Wide gaps through the curtain,  
Revealing despair.  
Torn flutters their banner—  
No oriflamme gay :  
They are wavering—sinking—  
So fire—fire away !  
Fire away !

'Tis over—the thunders  
Have died on the gale—  
Of the wounded and vanquished  
Hark ! hark to the wail !  
Long the foreign invader  
Shall mourn for the day,  
When Ringgold was summoned  
To fire—fire away !  
Fire away !

---

## 8 THE AMERICAN'S BATTLE PRAYER.

*Tune—"Druids' Chorus, Norma."*

OH, Washington, our sainted sire,  
Pour in our souls thy patriot fire,  
Against the foul conspiring foe,  
Arouse each patriot heart below,

Each freeman's soul then bounding,  
Like waves the rocks surrounding,  
Shall raise his battle-blade on high,  
Till ev'ry foe shall prostrate lie.

Yes, on ev'ry blood-stained field,  
Where Texian hearts swore ne'er to yield,  
Or by Oregon's proud rocky height,  
The foe shall feel a freeman's might,  
'Neath swords and banners gleaming,  
The foe with life-blood streaming,  
Shall yield each rightful soil our own,  
And freedom's sons shall rule alone.

'Neath swords and banners, &c



## 9

## OREGON AND TEXAS.

*Tune—"Dan Tucker."*

HARK ! Freedom's eagle loudly calls,  
His cry rings through our hills and halls,  
He calls to arms each freedom's son,  
For Texas and for Oregon.

Then march away,  
Then march away,  
March away, 'tis freedom becks us,  
On for Oregon and Texas.

All Mexico's foul traitor hordes,  
Have threatened us by boasting words ;

---

But for big words we'll give them deeds,  
Until each croaking tyrant bleeds.

Then march away, &c.

On San Jacinto's bloody plain,  
Her murdered sons shall rise again,  
And cry aloud on to the war,  
"Remember our foul massacre."

Then march away, &c.

Then shall each freeman's bright eye glow,  
For vengeance on the murd'rous foe,  
The spot where ev'ry patriot fell,  
Shall echo ev'ry tyrant's knell.

Then march away, &c.

Then freemen rouse from south to north,  
Come quickly arm, and boldly forth,  
Come raise on high the Texas star,  
And Oregon's proud flag of war.

Then march away, &c.

Beneath each flag we'll brave the foe,  
From Britain unto Mexico,  
And on the sea, or o'er the land,  
We'll fight till they give up each strand.

Then march away, &c.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

10

E. PLURIBUS UNUM.

BY G. W. CUTTER.

THO' many and bright are the stars that appear  
In the flag, by our country unfurl'd ;  
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,  
Like rain-bows adorning the world ;  
Their light is unsullied, as those in the sky,  
By a deed that our fathers have done,  
And they're leagued in as true and as holy a tie,  
In that motto of "MANY IN ONE."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung  
Their banner of star-light abroad,  
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung,  
As they clung to the promise of God.  
By the bayonet trac'd, at the midnight of war,  
On the fields where our glory was won ;  
Oh ! perish the heart or the hand that would mar  
That motto of—"MANY IN ONE."

'Mid the smoke of the conflict—the cannon's deep  
roar—  
How oft it hath gathered renown,  
While those stars were reflected in rivers of  
gore,  
Where the cross and the lion went down !

~~~~~  
And tho' few were their lights, in the gloom of that  
hour,

Yet the hearts that were striking below,  
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their  
power,  
And they stop'd not to number the foe.

From where our green mountain tops blend with the  
sky,

And the giant St. Lawrence is roll'd,  
To the waves where balmy Hesperides lie,  
Like the dream of some prophet of old,  
They conquered! and, dying, bequeathed to our care,  
Not this boundless dominion alone,  
But that banner, whose loveliness hallows the air  
And their motto of—"MANY IN ONE."

We are many in one, while there glitters a star,  
In the blue of the heavens above,  
And tyrants shall quail 'mid their dungeons afar,  
When they gaze on that motto of love.  
It shall gleam o'er the sea 'mid the bolt of the storm  
Over tempest, and battle, and wreck;  
And flame were our guns with their thunder grow  
warm,  
'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

The oppress'd of the earth to that standard shall fly  
Wherever its folds shall be spread,  
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky  
Where its stars shall float over his head.

~~~~~  
And those stars shall increase till the fulness of  
time,

Its millions of cycles have run,  
Till the world shall have welcomed their mission  
sublime,

And the nations of earth shall be one.

Tho' the old Allegheny may tower to heaven,

And the father of waters divide,

The links of our destiny cannot be riven,

While the truth of those words shall abide:

Then, oh! let them glow on each helmet and  
brand,

Tho' our blood like our rivers should run;

Divide as we may in our own native land,

To the rest of the world **WE ARE ONE.**

Then up with our flag! let it stream on the air!

Tho' our fathers are cold in their graves,

They had hands that could strike, they had souls  
that could dare,

And their sons were not born to be slaves,

Up! up! with that **BANNER**, where e'er it may call,

Our millions shall rally around,

And a nation of **FREEMEN** that moment shall fall

When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

---

**11 LINES ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR  
RINGGOLD.**

OH, leave not his corse on that wild battle plain,  
Tho' the field where his honors were won;  
Warm hearts here at home claim his urn as their  
own;  
Give Columbia the manes of her son.

Let him rest in the land that he died to defend;  
Let him pillow his head on its sod;  
The wreath round his brow let us freshen with  
tears,  
While his soul dwells above with his God.

We loved him before, but we worship him now,  
And could hallow the spot where he fell,  
When the cries of his foes were a funeral choir,  
And the blast of the clarion his knell.

He's worthy his grandsire, his country, his name,  
And his deeds will their glory increase—  
His life has been passed 'mid the tumults of war,  
Let the *grave* of the hero breathe peace.

Then leave not his corse on that wild battle plain,  
Tho' the field where his honors were won;  
Warm hearts here at home claim his urn as their  
own;  
Give Columbia the manes of her Son.

Baltimore, June 2d, 1846.

CLARA ELLIS.

## 12

## RINGGOLD.

WHY weep ye him that's gone ?

Is not life's shortest fever always best ?

Ah ! he, who sleeps with greenest laurels won,  
May well contented rest.

He is not dead to fame ;

But, like a star, in glory dwells apart,  
Who leaves behind him an immortal name,  
Shrined in a nation's heart.

Yet, soldier ! well may'st thou

Weep for a warrior-hero such as he,  
Upon whose resolute, heroic brow  
Sat confident Victory.

Clasp tenderly, oh Earth !

The son we have restored to thy embrace ;  
For many a child from thee shall spring to birth,  
Ere one can fill his place.

Disturb not his repose—

He sweetly sleeps, who sleeps with honor  
crowned,  
And that brief hillock, where the rank grass grows,  
Is Freedom's holiest ground.

[From the Baltimore Sun.]

**13 TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR RINGGOLD.**

BY E. C. JONES.

"Don't stay with me, you have work to do ; go ahead."

No, stay not here, to strife away,  
Soon life must cease its bounding play

And I at rest be laid—

This crimson from my wound which flows,  
Should nerve thy arm against our foes

When my last debt is paid.

Not on the downy couch at home,  
Where lov'd ones to my side would come,

Would I desire to die—

But where the rattling volley's given,

While heroes 'neath the arch of Heaven

Are pealing "Victory!"

No, stay not here, upon the field

My spirit joyously I yield,

With few to note its flight—

Here, gazing on the banner's fold,

Whose stars and stripes won fame of old,

I sink to shades of night.

On to the rescue comrade, on !

This day be glorious laurels won.

To twine around thy brow—

We promised each with purpose high,

To conquer in the strife, or die—

Go and redeem the vow.

The bugle's clang, the cannon's roar  
Re-echo on my ear no more,

Nor rouse me to the fray—  
But, comrade, thou dost yet remain,  
Go, and the warrior's chaplet gain.

Haste to the ranks away.

He spake, and yielded to his doom,  
For soon the dim sepulchral gloom

Had settled round his brow—  
But, nobly had he done his part,  
And deep within Columbia's heart  
His name is treasured now.



[From the American Eagle.]

# 14 SEE OUR TORN FLAG STILL WAVING.

BY JAMES W. PORTER.

SEE our torn flag still waving  
Rally round it in your might,  
Each his position firmly holding,  
Heaven will aid those in the right.  
From each rocky hill and valley  
Rise against the invading band,  
In the name of Freedom rally,  
To defend your Native Land.

Foemen now your soil are pressing;  
They, your laws and rights defy,  
Ask from Heaven a father's blessing,  
Then for Freedom dare to die.

~~~~~  
What though ruthless foes assail you,  
Who in bloody deeds take pride,  
Let not hope or courage fail you,  
Freedom's God is on your side.

Freemen, rise ! ye that inherit  
From a line of noble sires,  
Manly blood and manly spirit,  
Rise to guard your household fires.  
By the parents that have rear'd you,  
By your wives and children dear,  
Lest those loved-ones should scorn you  
Rise, without a thought of fear.

Come, as comes the tempest rushing,  
Bending forests in its path ;  
As the mountain torrent gushing,  
As the billows in their wrath ;  
From each rocky hill and valley,  
Sweep away the invading band ;  
In the name of Freedom rally,  
To defend your Native Land.

—♦—

## 15 THE AMERICAN REPUBLICAN FLAG.

BY ROBERT E. H. LEVERING

*Air—"Martyn,"*

NOBLEST Flag on land or sea,  
Sign and seal of victory—  
Sign of freedom nobly won,  
Seal that marks it shall go on !

Never shall its *stars* expire,  
Glitt'ring down the patriot's fire,—  
Never shall those STRIPES declare  
Stripes we gave, ourselves shall share!

Banneret that wav'd to fight,  
Conquerors for truth and right,  
Still thou speakest to the free,  
“*Freemen live*, and FREEMEN DIE!”  
By our father's deathless fame  
We shall hand it down the same  
By our country's might we swear,  
It shall wave in peace and war!

Banner of the starry host,  
Telling that in Heav'n we trust,—  
Of the mingling stripes that prove  
Freemen bound by chords of love!  
Thou shalt 'round our altars wave,  
Whisp'ring God alone can save,—  
'Round our liberties unveil,  
*Truth is great*, and MUST PREVAIL!

Beacon Flag, that o'er the sea  
Woos the pilgrim bands to thee,  
Bidding, as their chains they leave,  
Man with man as men to live,—  
Cherisher of holy fire,  
Thou shalt better hope inspire,  
Give to Freedom, ever new,  
Joys their bosoms leap to know!

Spotless Banner ! ev'ry land  
Shall thy whisper'd truths command,—  
Chains of body, and of mind  
Fall as wide those truths extend,—  
Thou shalt Freedom's glory blaze,  
Thou shalt speak Columbia's praise,  
Showing in thy starry state,  
*Only FREEDOM's sons are great !*  
Lancaster, O.

---

## 16 AMERICAN COIN.—A NATIONAL SONG.

BY S. A. ELLIOT.

*Tune—"Ah, what is the bosom's commotion !"*

YE sons of Columbia, who glory  
At Liberty's banner unfurl'd,  
While prizing her "*eagles*" before ye,  
Their moral send over the world.

### CHORUS.

Let "Liberty" long be our motto,  
And high may her bright banner wave,  
And he who don't value her blessings,  
Deserves to be spurn'd as a slave !

Long may the bright stars of our Union  
Illumine the motto of all—  
May Liberty frown down Disunion,  
And millions exult in her fall.

Chorus, &c.

See *the shield* on the breast of our bird

Imperious to every blow

T' assail which is vain and absurd—

The shafts but recoil on the foe.

Chorus &c

The *arrows* of war are seen next,

To be thrown at invaders of right,

And "*E pluribus unum*," the text

That expresses in *union* there's might.

Chorus &c

The emblem of *peace* is display'd

When battle and courage are o'er,

That those who in fight were array'd

Remember their contests no more.

Chorus &c

Now may all the poor of our Nation,

Possess "*eagles*" bright, in each purse,

And ever be free from taxation,

And Tyranny viewed as a curse.

Chorus &c

Here's a health to the good and the great,

In every part of the earth,

With the hope, that, at no distant date,

*All men* shall know Liberty's worth!

CHORUS.

Let "*Liberty*" long be our motto, &c.

From Park Benjamin's Western Continent, Baltimore, June 20th, 1846.]

**17**      RESACA DE LA PALMA.

COME and listen, while I tell of the battle that befel  
On the frontiers of our country, one pleasant morn  
in May:

When the Mexicans came forth o'er the "River of  
the North,"

Filled with hopes of easy conquest, filled with  
ardor for the fray.

We had marched, with measured tramp, from our  
sadly furnished camp,

Through a wild and broken country to our Fort at  
Isabel;

For our food was failing fast, and our powder would  
not last,

And, to silence Matamoras, were in want of shot  
and shell.

Having loaded our supplies, word was brought us by  
our spies,

That the Mexicans were waiting us, with twice  
three thousand men;

So we knew we had to fight, but we heard it with  
delight,

Though we numbered with the enemy as scarcely  
four to ten.

~~~~~  
Soon we came to where they stood, flanked by water  
and by wood,

And their cannon swept the road—but we saw it  
undismayed ;

Though our General, at the best, was indifferently  
dressed,

In a dingy green frock coat and in pants of cot-  
tonade.

And a broken old straw hat ; but we did not care for  
that—

For calm resolve was on his brow and fire within  
his eye,

As he turned to Captain May, and we heard him  
coldly say,

“Yonder cannon must be ours ; you must take  
them, sir, or die !”

Quickly then he to us rode, while his heart with  
daring glowed—

The high heroic heart of the gallant Captain  
May—

And we saw his beard and hair, streaming back  
upon the air,

As, passing on, he shouted—“Charge !” and  
boldly led the way.

Oh ! they heard us from afar, ringing out our wild  
hurrah,

And they looked on one another, and their swar-  
thy cheeks were pale ;

~~~~~  
For they felt that, if we came, though they vomited  
out flame,

Nor cannon balls, nor musquetry, nor courage  
could avail.

First, we broke into a trot, till we felt the foemen's  
shot,

Then, like resistless torrent, or a storm-wind in  
its wrath,

Onward, onward we went dashing—o'er the breast-  
work we went crashing,

And, through and through the Mexicans, we cut  
our bloody path.

Hand to hand, with the brand, wherever they would  
stand,

We cut, and we thrust, and we galloped to and  
fro—

Till they scattered were pell-mell, like the bursting  
of a shell,

And we thought it all unmanly to strike a flying  
foe.

Honor to "Rough and Ready," with his mien so  
calm and steady,

And honor to brave Captain May, and honor to  
the slain—

Worthy subject of old Runes were the onslaught of  
Dragoons,

Who fought the fight, and won the fight, upon our  
Texan plain!

[From the Washington Union.]

**18 THE FLAG OF THE UNION.**

BY MRS. E. L. SCHERMERHORN.

OH! rend it not—still let it wave  
That star-gemmed flag, o'er land and sea,  
The cherished signal of the brave,  
The glorious banner of the free;  
Still let its eagle soar on high,  
Its stripes still fresh, its stars still bright,  
No tempest in the smiling sky,  
No gathering cloud to quench their light.  
Oh! plant it on each glorious spot,  
Unfurl it wide, but rend it not.

There comes a voice from every plain,  
From every mount of strife and glory,  
Where valor's blood hath left a stain,  
Or history found a theme for story;  
From Bunker Hill, from Bennington,  
From glorious York the cry is heard;  
From vale to mount the sound rolls on,  
And e'er the ocean depths are stirred;  
From every fame-remembered spot  
The cry is heard, Oh! rend it not!

Oh! by the chiefs whose awful form  
Are bending from the starry sky,  
Who bore that flag through war's wild storms,  
And proud and glorious bade it fly,

~~~~~

Their blood-bought gift do not despise,  
The proudest gift a nation knows—  
A flag, bright streaming to the skies,  
That droops not to its vaunting foes;  
Oh! be the treasure ne'er forgot—  
Unfurl it wide but rend it not.

Oh! ye, the sons of noble sires,  
Who bravely struggled side by side,  
Where blazed the tented field's watch-fires,  
Or navies pressed the surging tide;  
Shall petty bickerings rend the tie,  
The oath fraternal sealed with blood?—  
Shall that proud banner cease to fly,  
A victor flag o'er field and flood?  
No! be the Union ne'er forgot—  
Unfurl it wide, but rend it not.

—♦—

[From the Daily Globe.]

## 19 SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

BY OUR JONATHAN.

*Tune—"Old Dan Tucker."*

THE Mexicans are on our soil,  
In war they wish us to embroil;  
They've tried their best and worst to vex us  
By murdering our brave men in Texas.

*Chorus*—We're on our way to Rio Grande,  
On our way to Rio Grande,  
On our way to Rio Grande,  
And with arms they'll find us handy.

We are the boys who fear no noise,  
We'll leave behind us all our joys  
To punish those half-savage scamps,  
Who've slain our brethren in their camps.

*Chorus*—We're on our way to Matamoras,  
On our way to Matamoras,  
On our way to Matamoras,  
And we'll drive them all before us.

They've slaughtered Porter, Kain and Cross—  
Most deeply we deplore their loss—  
Those bloody deeds we'll make them rue  
And pay them off for old and new !

We're on our way to Matamoras, &c.

We'll cross the famous Rio Grande,  
Engage the villains hand to hand,  
And punish them for all their sins  
By stripping off their yellow skins.

We're on our way, &c.

Herrera and Paredes too,  
And all the chiefs of the vile crew  
We'll show unto their lazzaroni.  
Mounted on a wooden pony

We're on our way, &c.

And when we've punished them enough  
We'll make them shell us out the stuff,  
To pay the war's expense, and then  
We'll have, besides, old Yucatan !

We're on our way, &c.

---

Meanwhile our brethren in the west  
Will for our nation do their best,  
And when they've ended their long journey  
Our flag will float in California.

We're on our way, &c.

The world is wide, our views are large,  
We're sailing on in Freedom's barge,  
Our God is good and we are brave,  
From tyranny the world we'll save.

We're on our way, &c.

We have a mission to fulfil,  
And every drop of blood we'll spill,  
Unless the tyrants of our race  
Come quail before our eagle's face.

We're on our way, &c.

He is thrice armed whose quarrel's just,  
And we fight now *because we must*,  
And any force that would us stop,  
Down to the earth must surely drop.

We're on our way, &c.

John Bull may meddle if he please,  
But he had better keep at ease,  
For we are strong by sea and land—  
If he don't mind we'll have old Ireland !

We're on our way, &c.

So every honest volunteer  
May now come forth—the coast is clear ;

We ask no odds, but we are bent  
On having this whole continent.

We're on our way, &c.

We go for equal rights and laws,  
We'll bravely fight in Freedom's cause,  
And though the world may take the field,  
To tyrants we will never yield.

We're on our way, &c.

The God of War, the mighty Mars,  
Has smiled upon our stripes and stars;  
And spite of any ugly rumors  
We'll vanquish all the Montezumas!

We're on our way to Matamoras,  
On our way to Matamoras,  
On our way to Matamoras,  
And we'll conquer all before us!



From the Dollar Newspaper.]

## 20 ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

*Air—"Hail to the Chief."*

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

HAIL to the day, when our country reposes,  
Flushed with the honors her glory hath won,  
Bright as the star that her rising discloses—  
Free as the eagle that soars to the sun.

Ever united be  
Glory and Liberty,

---

Forming a bulwark to circle the free ;  
Then, though the battle-cry  
Sound as it passes by,  
Firm in its own strength it ever shall be.

Long was the struggle that made us a nation,  
And blest were their spirits for scorning to bow ;  
For when they arose from the war's desolation,  
They planted the flag that is over us now.  
Yet does that banner wave  
Over the dead and brave !  
Still does it float for the living and free ;  
Where the hill breezes furl—  
Where the blue waters curl—  
Stainless in beauty it ever shall be.

Not the wild flash of a meteor's glory  
Was the broad light that is given to us—  
Not the weak strain of a troubadour's story  
Told to the ear and then breathed on the dust.  
Upward, and onward still,  
Till the whole world is fill'd—  
Till every nation its glory may see !  
From the earth's widest ken  
Bring forth their homage then—  
First of all people it ever shall be.

Hail to the birth of our great Independence !  
Shout for the day as it ever returns !  
Call on the name of our country's defenders,  
And know if our spirit yet fervently burns.

Home where the weary rest!  
Shelter for all opprest!  
Heaven's wide blessing be ever on thee!  
Sons of our freedom then  
Shout forth the boast again—  
First of all people it ever shall be.

---

The following was composed by a Member of the Hickory Blues, New York, and sang at a meeting of the Company together with other citizens, on the first of June 1846—and published in Bennett's New York Herald.

**21**

*Tune—"Lucy Neal."*

COME all ye gallant volunteers,  
Who fear not life to lose,  
The martial drum invites ye, come  
And join the Hickory Blues.  
The gallant Hickory Blues,  
The daring Hickory Blues—  
To Mexico they'll proudly go,  
The gallant Hickory Blues.

Our flag is freedom's sunlit gem,  
Its stars light where we choose,  
And the gallant hearts that bear it on  
Are the gallant Hickory Blues!  
The gallant Hickory Blues, &c.

The city's pride are now arrayed—  
Their service none refuse;

---

And sire and son together on  
To join the Hickory Blues.  
The gallant Hickory Blues, &c.

Like Warren, see them leave their homes,  
And flock in armed crews,  
To flog the foe at Mexico,  
Like gallant Hickory Blues.  
The gallant Hickory Blues, &c.

When our country is invaded,  
With bayonet, bomb, and fuze,  
'Tis no time to rest on beauty's breast,  
But arm with Hickory Blues!  
The gallant Hickory Blues, &c.

Brave Hickory rests in Heaven,  
But from aloft he views,  
In grateful pride, his ready sons,  
The gallant Hickory Blues  
The gallant Hickory Blues, &c.

Colonel Ming he is our leader,  
A better we can't choose,  
For well he'll fight in Freedom's right,  
Beside the Hickory Blues!  
The gallant Hickory Blues, &c.

We soon shall march for Mexico,  
And soon you'll hear the news  
Of the name and fame of New York's sons,  
The gallant Hickory Blues!  
The gallant Hickory Blues, &c.

## 22

## TO JOHN BULL.

I WONDER John, if you forget, some sixty years ago,  
When we were very young, John, your head was  
white as snow ;

You didn't count us much, John, and thought to  
make us run,

But found out your mistake, John, one day at Lex-  
ington.

And when we ask'd you in, John, to take a cup of  
tea,

Made in Boston harbor, John, the tea-pot of the free,  
You didn't like the party, John, it wasn't quite se-  
lect,

There were some ABORIGINES, you didn't quite ex-  
pect.

You didn't like their manners, John, you couldn't  
stand their tea,

And thought it got into their heads, and made them  
quite too free ;

But you got very tipsy, John, (you drink a little  
still,)

The day you marched across the Neck, and ran  
down Bunker Hill.

You acted just like mad, John, and tumbled o'er  
and o'er,

By your stalwart Yankee son, who handled half a  
score,

---

But now I hope you're sober, John, you're far too  
fat to run,  
You've not got the legs, John, you had at Benning-  
ton!

You had some corns upon your toes, Cornwallis,  
that was one,  
And at the fight at Yorktown, why then you couldn't  
run;  
You tried quite hard, I will admit, and threw away  
your gun,  
And gave your sword, fy, John, for shame! to one  
George Washington.

Another much-loved spot, John, such sweet asso-  
ciations,  
When you were going down to York to see your  
rich relations;  
The Dutchmen of the Mohawk, John, anxious to  
entertain,  
Put up some "Gates" that stopped you, John, on  
Saratoga's plain.

That hill you must remember, John, 'tis high and  
very green;  
We mean to have it lithographed, and send it to  
your Queen;  
I know you love that hill, John, you dream of it  
a-nights,  
The name it bore in '76 was simply Bemis' Heights.

~~~~~  
Your old friend Ethan Allen, John, of Continental  
fame,

Who called you to surrender, in Great Jehovah's  
name ;

You recognized the "Congress," then, authority  
most high,

The morn he called so early, John, and took you  
from Fort Ti !

I know you'll grieve to hear it, John, and feel quite  
sore and sad,

To learn that Ethan's dead, John, and yet there's  
many a lad,

Growing in his highland home, that's fond of guns  
and noise,

And gets up just as early, John, those brave Green  
Mountain Boys.

Oh no, we never mention it ; we never thought it  
lucky,

The day you charged the cotton-bags and got into  
Kentucky ;

I thought you knew geography, but misses in their  
teens,

Will tell you that Kentucky lay, just then, below  
Orleans.

The "beauty" it was there, John, behind the cotton-  
bags,

But did you get the booty, John ?—somehow my  
memory flags

I think you made a "swap," John, I've got it in my head,

Instead of gold and silver, you took it in cold lead !

The mistress of the Ocean, John, she couldn't rule the Lakes;

You had some Ganders in your fleet, but John, you had no Drakes ;

Your choicest spirits, too, were there, you took your hock and sherry,

But John, you couldn't stand our fare, you couldn't take our Perry !

*N. Y. Evening Post.*



[From the Boston Uncle Sam—June 20th, 1846.]

## **23**      THEY WAIT FOR US.

### ORIGINAL.

THE Spanish maid, with eye of fire,  
At balmy evening turns her lyre  
And, looking to the Eastern sky,  
Awaits our Yankee chivalry  
Whose purer blood and valiant arms,  
Are fit to clasp her budding charms.

The *man*, her mate, is sunk in sloth—  
To love, his senseless heart is loth :  
The pipe and glass and tinkling lute ;  
A sofa, and a dish of fruit ;  
A nap, some dozen times by day ;  
Sombre and sad, and never gay,

He seems accursed for deeds of yore,  
When Mexico once smoked with gore:  
The blood of many a patriot band,  
Shed by invaders of their land,  
Who *now*, by quick avenging time,  
Are vanquished by the subtile clime,  
Which steals upon the manly mind  
As comes "miasma" on the wind.

An army of *reformers*, we—  
March on to glorious victory;  
And on the highest peak of Ande,  
Unfurl our banners to the wind,  
Whose stars shall light the land anew,  
And shed rich blessings like the dew.

---

## 24

## WAR SONG.

BY R. H. WILDE.

OH heard ye the war-note summoning us all,  
In the cause of our country to conquer or die  
And did ye not welcome that soul-stirring call,  
With a proud-swelling bosom and fire-flashing eye!  
Or, if the lofty strain,  
Thrill'd not thro' ev'ry vein,  
Waking each feeling our forefather's knew;  
Join not the battle-song;  
Whose holy notes belong,  
Sons of Columbia, to freedom and you.

~~~~~  
But if through the long gloomy night ye have wept,  
While the sun of our glory lay shrouded in shame,  
Or sternly leaned on your arms while you kept,  
A sad silent watch 'till the morning star came.  
Now when the crimson beam,  
Lighting up earth and stream,  
Gives back our country all glowing with charms  
Free let our banners float—  
Loud be your music's notes,  
Louder your cannon's peal thundering to arms.

Those banners that now idly float on the gale,  
O'er St. Augustine's walls shall in triumph be  
flung,  
And the Meteor flag at Quebec shall grow pale,  
When Montgomery's dirge on our cannon is rung,  
Then away to the tented plain,  
There shall your swords maintain,  
Rights that our sires bequeathed to us all,  
From lips ye have loved so well,  
Taking one fond farewell,  
Haste to the battle and conquer or fall.

Nay weep not ye fair ; 'twere less pain to the heart,  
To mourn for dead freemen than press living  
slaves !  
But trust me, altho' your loved warriors depart,  
While many reap laurels, but few will find graves,  
Bright as waves rosy dye,  
Warmer than friendship's eye,

~~~~~

Glory shall light them wherever they roam,  
And Peace soon shall bless them,  
And beauty caress them,  
And love with a witching smile welcome them  
home.

—•—

## 25 DEATH ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

### AFTER THE ANTIQUE.

I WOULD not lie on bed of down,  
Like puling girl, to die ;  
I would not in the festal hall,  
Midst mirth and revelry.

I would not die an aged man,  
With strength and reason gone ;  
Nor like a self-devoted monk,  
In convent cell alone.

I long upon the battle-field  
In foremost rank to fall,  
Midst charge of horse and clang of arms,  
My banner for my pall !

Or give me on the bloody deck  
Triumphantly to die,  
When falling spars and crashing wreck  
Proclaim our victory !

## 26

## TO THE BATTLE.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

To the battle, friends and countrymen,  
The foe is on your shores;  
His gold is with your traitors,  
And his tramp is at your doors.  
Arouse and arm and onward swarm,  
With trumpet-note and song,  
For the glorious days of SEVENTY-SIX,  
And the UNION young and strong!

Though the foe his host of battle boast  
As fierce as winter's storm;  
And over your bays and on your coast  
His mighty navies swarm,  
Awake! and show the strength of heart  
That nerved your fathers, when  
Your cities and your villages  
Were filled with armed men.

With the famous deeds of famous men,  
Our fathers in the tomb,  
Re-kindle all the olden fires  
That chased the olden gloom.  
Salute your foemen with a shout,  
A trumpet shout sublime—  
A PEOPLE'S VOICE, which must be heard  
By nations and by TIME.

---

In the God who reigns in heaven above,  
And ever guards the just ;  
To shield the land we love so well,  
We humbly hope and trust.  
Relying firmly on his aid,  
We strike our steady blows—  
May the saints above seek mercy  
For the spirits of our foes !

When our fathers fought for liberty,  
Though weak in numbers then,  
What mattered it to them, so long  
The few they had were men.  
And shall we shame our fathers ;  
Shall we dim the name we bear ;  
While our country is the monument  
To tell us who they were ?

To the battle then, my countrymen,  
The foe comes darkly on ;  
There is fame for those who fight with us,  
And shame for those who run.  
Aloft in air your falchions bare,  
Sound trumpet-note and song !  
For the glorious days of SEVENTY-SIX,  
And the UNION young and strong !

[From the Washington Union.]

**27** ARM FOR THE TEXAN BATTLE.

ARM for the Texan battle,  
Sons of the brave and free,  
Away, and win a soldier's grave,  
Or a glorious victory ;  
The cries of your murdered brothers,  
On the Rio Grande slain,  
Are calling, freemen, for your aid,  
And shall they call in vain ?  
O ! arm for the Texan battle, &c.

In the ranks of Freedom's foray,  
The soldier's post should be,  
Where Taylor's gallant Spartan band  
Are battling valiantly,—  
His white plume proudly waving  
In the midst of the conflict's strife ;  
His shot should bring the usurper down,  
His sabre drink his life !  
Then, arm for the Texan battle, &c.

Say, how should the soldier perish—  
On the pillow's soft repose ?  
O ! no—with his bright shield 'neath his head,  
In the battle's glorious close ;  
The enemy's banner lowered,  
The skies with "victory" riven,  
Then smile adieu to his comrades brave,  
And his spirit soar to Heaven !

O arm for the Texan battle,  
Sons of the brave and free!  
Away! and win a soldier's grave,  
Or a glorious victory!

Washington, May 24, 1846.

RINGGOLD.

[From Neal's Saturday Gazette—June 20th, 1846.]

## 28 PALO-ALTO AND RESACA.

A NEW SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1846.

The following, which we find in the Southern Patriot, would be recognized by its excellence as the work of no hand unaccustomed to the chords, even without the initials which are appended to it. It will be sung on the day for which it was written from one end of the Union to the other:

Now while our cups are flowing  
With memories born to bloom,  
And filial hands are throwing  
Their wreaths o'er valor's tomb;—  
While lips exulting shout the praise  
Of heroes of the past that stood,  
Triumphant 'mid old Bunker's blaze,  
And proud in Eutaw's field of blood;—  
Do not forget the gallant train,  
That lifts your name in Mexic war—  
One cup for Palo-Alto drain,  
One mighty cheer for Resaca!

For Taylor—"Rough and Ready,"  
True son of truest sires;—  
For May, who swift and steady,  
Trode down La Vega's fires;  
For all who in that day of strife,  
Maintain'd in pride the stripes and stars—  
The dead, who won immortal life,  
And they who live for other wars—  
For these, who with their victory,  
New wreaths to grace our laurel bring—  
A health that drains a goblet dry,  
A cheer that makes the welkin ring!

Nor, though even now we falter  
With thoughts of those who died,  
And at our festive altar,  
Grow silent in our pride,  
Yet in the heart's most holy deep,  
Fond memory shrine the happy brave,  
Who in the arms of battle sleep  
By Palo's wood and Bravo's wave;  
Nor in our future deeds forgot,  
Shall silent thought forbear to bring,  
Her tribute to that sacred spot,  
Where Ringgold's gallant soul took wing.

Fill to our country's glory,  
Where'er her flag is borne;  
Nor, in her failing story,  
Let future ages mourn!

Nor let the envious foreign foe,  
Rejoice that faction checks her speed,  
Arrests her in the indignant blow,  
And saddens o'er the avenging deed !  
Fill high, though from the crystal wave;  
Your cup, and from the grape be mine ;  
The marriage rites, that link the brave  
To fame, will turn each draft to wine.

---

## 29 THE WARRIOR'S DIRGE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

WARRIOR, rest ! thy toils are ended :  
Life's last fearful strife is o'er ;  
Clarion-calls, with death-notes blended,  
Shall disturb thine ear no more !  
Peaceful is thy dreamless slumber ;  
Peaceful, but how cold and stern !  
Thou hast joined that silent number  
In the land whence none return !  
Warrior, rest ! thy banner o'er thee  
Hangs in many a drooping fold ;  
Many a manly cheek before thee  
Stain'd with tear-drops we behold !  
Thine was not a hand to falter  
When thy sword should leave its sheath ;  
Thine was not a cheek to alter,  
Though thy duty led to death !

Warrior, rest ! a dirge is knelling  
Solemnly from shore to shore  
'Tis a nations tribute telling  
That a patriot is no more !  
Thou where Freedom's sons have striven,  
Firm and bold, didst foremost stand !  
Freely was thy life-blood given  
For thy home and father-land !

Warrior, rest ! our star is vanish'd  
That to victory led the way ;  
And from our lone heart is banish'd  
All that cheer'd Life's weary day !  
There thy young bride weeps in sorrow  
That no more she hears thy tread ;  
That the night which knows no morrow  
Darkly veils thy laurell'd head !

Warrior, rest ! we smooth thy pillow,  
For thy last, long earthly sleep  
O ! beneath yon verdant willow  
Storms unheard will o'er thee sweep !  
There, 'tis done ! thy couch awaits thee !  
Softly down thy head we lay ;  
Here repose, till God translates thee  
From the dust to endless day !

## 30

## THE GATHERING.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

HARK! 'tis the trumpets call

Booms o'er the sea!

Crowd for your banners all,

Sons of the free.

Send the hoarse battle yell

Back to the main:

Arm for the citadel!

Arm for the plain!

War from the battle-cloud

Beckons his hand;

Wove is the crimson shroud

—Drawn be the brand!

Up! from the mount and glen

Forest and ford—

Rally! ye free-born men

Arm! with the sword!

Omens are gathering

Fast o'er the lea;

Red is the Eagle's wing

Restless the sea;

When hoarse the cloud rolleth

Pay heed to the storm

Arm! arm!—'tis the trumpet's breath

Marshal! and form!

[From the New York Evening Mirror.]

### 31 THE DEATH OF COL. CROSS.

BY F. L. WADDELL.

O'ER Rio Grande, embattled stream,  
Why booms the minute-gun?  
Why pales the crescent moon her beam?  
A warrior's race is run.

Not on the field, by foeman's blade,  
In noble strife he fell:  
Vile murder lurked in ambushade,  
When horror shriek'd his knell.

With martial tread and flashing eye,  
His gallant comrades come,—  
Revenge swells every bosom high,  
Sad beats the muffled drum.

Deep in the dusky forest lair,  
His mangled corpse they found,  
Spaniard—the chapparel beware!  
Blood consecrates his mound.

In line, the marching squadrons wheel  
Beside the soldier's grave;  
The dirge notes sound, the volleys peal,  
The flag droops o'er the brave.

Martyr of fate, Fame guards thy sod!  
To her who weeps alone,

With breaking heart turns to her God,  
Stern vengeance will atone!

In glory shall his name be enshrined,  
Who, dashing on the foe,  
The vile assassin slave to find,  
Strikes the avenging blow.

Freedom, thy battle hour is nigh!  
Swords gleam and war plumes toss;  
The army charges—Spaniard fly!  
The word—"the gallant Cross!"

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[From the Sunbury American.]

### **32** COME, COME FREEMEN AROUSE.

COME, come Freeman arouse, let the faint-hearted  
flee

The flag of the brave waves high,  
The President calls, let our prompt answer be  
We are ready—we'll conquer or die.

Come, come Freeman arouse, &c.

"The stars and the stripes, in the wrong or in  
right,"

Our watchword and motto shall be,  
Their honor we'll cherish, in peace or in fight,—  
We may die, but we'll ever be free.

Come, come Freeman arouse, &c.

O, glorious and bright is the soldier's fame,  
And the blessing of millions fall  
On the heads of the brave ; but curses and shame  
On who falter at Liberty's call.  
Come, come Freemen arouse, &c.

---

### 33 GOD HAS MADE US FREE.

#### *A National Anthem.*

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, ESQ.

FREEDOM spreads her downy wings  
Over all created things ;

Bend low to him the knee :  
Bring the heart before His throne—  
Bow to Him and Him alone—  
He's the only king we own.

And he has made us free !

*Chorus*—Arm and on—ye brave and free !

Strike for God and Liberty !

The holiest spot a smiling sun  
Ere shed his genial rays upon,  
Is that which gave a WASHINGTON

The drooping world to cheer !  
Sound the clarion peals of Fame,  
Ye who bear Columbia's name—  
With existence freedom came—

It is men's birth-right here,

*Chorus*—Arm and on—ye brave and free !

Strike for God and Liberty !

Heirs of an immortal sire,  
 Let his deeds your hearts inspire—  
 Weave the strain and wake the lyre,  
     Where your proud altar's stand :  
 Hail with shouts and loud hurrahs,  
 Streaming from a thousand spars,  
 Freedom's rainbow flag of stars,  
     The symbol of our land !  
*Chorus*—Arm and on—ye brave and free !  
     Strike for God and Liberty !

---

[From the Reveille.]

### 34      AWAY TO THE BATTLE.

[Written upon the arrival of the steamer that brought the news of the victory of the American troops near Matamoras.]

THE stars of the night, to the cannon responding,  
     As tranquil as ever looked down from the sky,  
 And say to the brave—"no more be desponding,  
     The star-spangled banner is floating on high !"  
 The curse of the foe, whose footsteps, invading,  
     Have been tracked by the flow of American blood,  
 Shall return to his breast, e'er the roses lie fading,  
     Whose deep crimson hues were thus dyed in the  
         bud.  
 With them, Ladies fair, brilliant garlands are  
     wreathing  
 For lovers who spurn at all other chains ;

And the sword has been drawn from cast away  
sheathing,

That in triumph will gleam over Mexican plains.

Away to the battle, with rifle and banner!

'Tis honor that welcomes and victory calls—

Till our army of conquest, still shouting "Hosanna!"

Shall fill and surround Montezuma's famed halls!



[From the Cincinnati American Citizen.]

### 35 THE UNITED STATES FLAG.

BY ROBT. E. H. LEVERING.

Respectfully dedicated to those Patriots who are  
throwing aside party distinctions to defend our com-  
mon country against Mexican aggression.

FLAG OF MY COUNTRY—I view with emotion

Thy stars and thy stripes so gloriously unfurl'd,  
And think that they speak in their tremulous emo-  
tion

A soft melting language address'd to the world!

The BANNER OF FREEDOM!—how proud is its bear-  
ing!

The GEMS OF THE SKY it is brightly displaying,  
To tell to the nations her sons, all so daring,  
Their trust and their cause on Jehovah are laying!

And look on its STRIPES!—O how sweetly appearing!

All mingling in beauty, 'though DIFFERING, UNITED,

To show that Columbia in "UNION" endearing,  
Is rising to glory by Heav'n invited !

Ah,—who can behold it,—ah,—who that has feeling,  
Can gaze on the charms that that banner is showing,  
And not feel his bosom a transport revealing,  
His pulse all so wildly with LIBERTY glowing !

Ah,—who that has seen it high waving in battle,  
But felt that its accents—'though silently spoken—  
Had promis'd success 'mid the cannon's loud rattle,  
And flutter'd still sweetly—BRIGHT LIBERTY'S  
TOKEN !

Yes,—who that has watch'd it on battle-field dying,  
As victors around it with triumph have crowded,  
But bade it "ADIEU !" though in groans and in sigh-  
ing,  
And wish'd in its folds to be gloriously shrouded !

Still,—still, has it magic as tocsins are sounding,  
As WAR with its accents comes stronger and  
louder ;  
And waves as if wav'd by the spirit abounding  
That met and that conquer'd of old the intruder !

Still,—still, shall each freeman with rapture behold it,  
And find in its language, so deeply alluring,  
As Fate o'er the red field of strife broad unfolds it,  
A pure hallow'd courage to death still enduring !

~~~~~  
It speaks for the dead in their glory reposing :—

“No hand shall its stripes and its stars e’er dis-  
sever !”

It speaks for the living, their spirit disclosing :—

“WE swear to defend it for you and forever !”

FLAG OF MY COUNTRY !—so famous in story,

I send up a pray’r that thy beauties so cherish’d,  
May proudly be floating in triumph and glory,

*The Flag of the World, WHEN THRALDOM HAS  
PERISH’D !*

**36**

## WAR.

Ho ! ho !—fling out our starry flag unto the sunny  
sky !

Let sound the bugle and the drum with stirring  
notes and high !—

Grasp now the slumbering musket, and harness on  
the sword,

And stand erect and ready, for our country’s voice  
is heard !

She calls unto her honest sons to claim redress for  
wrong ;

To wipe away the insults deep which they have  
borne too long :—

She asks them in the name of Right, to hasten at  
her call,

And for the cause of Justice, to conquer or to fall !

The Mexican hath pressed our soil—his hand hath  
shed the blood—  
Of brave and gallant bosoms—and fiend-like he hath  
stood,  
Gloating with all a murderer's joy, as his poor vic-  
tims lay  
Unburied on the desert shore—the loathsome vul-  
ture's prey!

The MEXICAN!—where is the heart so dead to pride  
and shame,  
As not to feel a patriot's scorn at mention of that  
name?  
A name that wakes the memory of wrongs too long  
endur'd—  
Of countless crimes, which call aloud for the aveng-  
ing sword.

Then, ho!—shout out the battle-cry!—draw forth  
the glittering brand!  
And from the soil of freemen expel the invading  
band!—  
Our cause is just and righteous—meet it with daunt-  
less brow—  
And may there be no recreant soul to fail or falter  
now.

Washington, May, 1846.

## 37

## OUR COUNTRY.

BY J. W. PEABODY.

OUR country ! 'tis a glorious land—

With broad arms stretched from shore to shore ;

The proud Pacific chafes her strand,

She hears the dark Atlantic's roar ;

And nurtured in her ample breast,

How many a goodly prospect lies

In Nature's wildest grandeur drest.

Rich prairies decked with flowers of gold,

Like sun-lit ocean roll afar ;

Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,

Reflecting clear each trembling star ;

And mighty rivers, mountain born,

Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,

Through forests, where the bounding fawn

Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And cradled 'mid her clustering hills,

Sweet lakes in dreamlike beauty hide,

Where love, the air with music fills,

And calm content and Peace abide ;

For Plenty here her fullness pours,

In rich profusion o'er the land,

And sent to seize her generous stores,

There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God ! we thank Thee for this home,

This bounteous birth-land of the Free,

~~~~~

Where wanderers from afar may come,  
And breathe the air of Liberty;  
Still may her flowers untrammelled spring,  
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;  
And yet, till time shall fold his wing,  
Remain Earth's loveliest Paradise!

—+—

[From the Saturday Emporium.]

### 38 THE BATTLE OF PALO-ALTO.

BY H. H. RICE.

GRIM visaged war had raised his front,  
In awful retribution dire,  
"To arms! to arms!" the cry went forth,  
The sons of Freedom to inspire.

On to the rescue! on ye brave!  
In one unbroken phalanx speed;  
Stand by your country, right or wrong,  
Her champions in the hour of need!

"We met the enemy, and they're ours!"  
Our mighty cannon's deafening peals  
Proclaim the valor of our arms  
On Palo-Alto's crimson fields.

Our oft victorious gallant band  
New laurels wreath for Liberty,  
Above the din and clash of arms  
Arose the shout of "Victory!"

The battle's o'er—all, all is still  
As midnight on the vasty deep,  
No prayers are heard, no rites observed,  
But hushed in death the vanquished sleep.

No more the proud usurping foe  
Shall crush the budding germ of light,  
Columbia's stripes and stars now wave  
Triumphant o'er Oppression's night.  
New York, June, 1846.

[From Park Benjamin's Western Continent.]

### 39 THE RIO GRANDE.

THERE are sounds of mighty conflict by a peaceful  
river's shore,  
And the tranquil air is shaken by the deaf'ning can-  
non's roar ;  
By the deaf'ning roar of cannon, like the rolling  
thunder peal,  
And the rattling sharp of musketry, the clash and  
clang of steel,  
And the shouts of conquering squadrons, the groans  
of dying men,  
And the neighing of affrighted steeds, swift scouring  
o'er the plain ;  
For the sons of young Columbia are battling hand  
to hand,  
With the legions of proud Mexico, beside the Rio  
Grande.

~~~~~  
Amid the thickest of the fray a gallant chief flies  
fast ;  
His swarthy foes before him bend, like reeds before  
the blast ;  
On right and left, on left and right, he wields a  
trusty sword,  
And blood upon the trampled turf, like ruddy wine  
is pour'd.  
His clarion voice rings loudly, his arm is stout and  
strong,  
And none are readier to avenge his slighted coun-  
try's wrong ;  
But ah ! the death-shot, lightning-winged, has struck  
amid his band,  
And the gallant chief lies bleeding, beside the Rio  
Grande.

Dismay and consternation on that little squadron fell,  
For there were none but loved him right faithfully  
and well ;  
'They fly with swift alacrity, to aid him, and to cheer,  
And the eyes of lion-hearted men shed many a briny  
tear.  
But while, with sad solicitude, his mangled form  
they rais'd,  
His proud eye flashed unearthly light, as o'er the  
field he gaz'd—  
"Rush on, my men, ye've work to do," he cried in  
loud command,  
And bade them to the fight again, beside the Rio  
Grande.

~~~~~  
They are speeding like the hurricane, they've left  
him, they are gone

And pillowed on the verdant turf, the soldier lies alone;

The battle's tide has rolled away and none are near  
him now,

To soothe his agony, or wipe the cold drops from his  
brow ;

But from his breast escapes no sigh, no murmur from  
his lips,

And while his sight grows dim beneath the gath'ring  
death eclipse—

As in a dream, the soldier's heart is with his native  
land,

And little recks he of the strife besides the Rio Grande.

He is sitting now, her darling boy, beside his  
mother's knee,

The wild fawn 'mid the free blue hills not happier  
than he ;

Or roaming through the meadow grass to pluck the  
early flowers,

Whose perfume lingers round us e'en to life's re-  
motest hours.

A bright-eyed girl, more beautiful than morn's first  
rosy beam,

His fond enraptured spirit stirs with love's enchant-  
ing dream ;

She chides his warm caresses not—he clasps her  
gentle hand—

Ah ! thrill'd with pain, he wakes again, beside the  
Rio Grande.

And now returning lustre for a moment lights his  
eye—

O ! is it not a glorious thing thus on the field to die ?  
For well he knows that after years shall venerate  
his name,

And crown his deathless mem'ry with the laurel  
wreath of fame ;

And youth, and sober manhood, and hoary headed age,  
Shall dwell with rapture o'er his deeds upon the  
historic page,

And patriot mothers tell their babes how well his  
valiant hand

Did battle in its country's cause, beside the Rio  
Grande.

The film is spreading o'er his eyes—the ashen hue  
of death

Steals swiftly o'er his features now, and fainter  
grows his breath,

Hark ! hark ! the cry of victory the dying man has  
reach'd :

He raised his head exultingly and wide his arms  
outstretch'd ;

A smile played round his pallid lips, then sank he on  
the sod,

And freed from its frail tenement, the spirit sought  
its God,

And now the green grass o'er him, by the Southern  
breeze is fann'd

And the gallant hero slumbering lies beside the Rio  
Grande.

## 40

## OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

BY MRS. ALFRED H. REIP.

SEEK it where the battle cry,  
Is glorious death or liberty ;  
Here mankind have a happy home,  
And bow to none, save Heaven's throne.

Seek its stars of fadeless light,  
Amid the din of perilous fight,  
Around its staff you'll find array'd,  
Hearts beating high, and undismay'd.

Seek it on the blood-dyed wave,  
Where heroes meet a watery grave ;  
There floats the banner of the free,  
In proud, though element, victory.

Seek it on the distant shore,  
Its parent folds are wafting o'er  
Columbia's absent sons—to be  
A guardian to the brave and free.

Protected by its ample shade,  
From tyrants' frowns and sheathless blade,  
Erin's poor wander'rs strike again,  
Her sweet harp to a merry strain.

Israel, too, here's a home for thee,  
Beneath thy vine and own fig tree ;  
Oh ! dance—dance to the cymbol's notes,  
Nor fear, while e'er this banner floats.

Seek it where the ottomans are,  
 The Eagle flaps her pinion there;  
 Beneath whose shade the Christian's name  
 Securely rests in its wreath of fame.

Where learning has but a dark trace,  
 Its stars beam on that desert place,  
 A halo bright—and there are built  
 Altars to curb a nation's guilt.

Yes—every where in every breeze,  
 Our flag triumphant o'er the seas,  
 Floats as a beacon for the free,  
 To point the way to liberty!



[From the Philadelphia Times.]

41

SONG.

*Air—"Yankee Doodle."*

OUR soldiers on the Rio Grande,  
 By Jupiter do fight,  
 And Gen'ral Vega had to stand,  
 No time was there for flight.  
 'Twas Captain May's great scimitar,  
 About his neck he saw,  
 He felt a sort of grim despair,  
 His soul was fill'd with awe.

Said he I'm near "kirk alloway,"  
 For ghosts and witches stare;

O Lord, that I had, staid away!

Just see that goblin's hair.

No quicker had he cried alarm,

Than down upon him pounc'd

The Yankee spirit's mighty arm,

That dragg'd him off at once.

He left the field for "kingdom come,"

He knew no hopeful means,

But 'stead in death with ghosts to roam,

He strides our New Orleans.

Arista and weak Parides,

Why seek you more defeat,

See Vega fattens at his ease!

And laughs at your retreat.

---

[From the Daily Chronicle.]

42

## STANZAS.

BY JAMES WOODHOUSE.

NEW stars of glory on our ensigns wave,

By the deep shores of sultry Rio Grande,

And "Palo-Alto" marks our foeman's grave,

And dark "des Palma" hails our victor band.

With calm array and stern, our squadrons came,

'Neath the hot flamings of a noontide sun,

When Aztec's warriors open'd wide a flame,

And the fierce, bloody play of death begun. [ranks—

Wide swept Columbia's sword through shatter'd

Swift broke the ranks where storm'd the iron hail,

And glittering bayonets tore the bending flanks,  
With might resistless as the northern gale.  
But sounds of wailing broke upon our ears  
Amidst the riot of a nation's glee ;  
Our fall of heroes far surpass'd our fears,  
And Ringgold's death bought dear our victory !  
And gallant Blake, who hail'd the battle's swell,  
Who eager sought the foeman's fiercest power,  
Like Persia's chieftain, great Cambyses, fell  
By his own weapon, in an adverse hour.  
Ah ! harder thus to die, than by the hand  
Of gallant foe in the battle field,  
Where foremost honor points to glory's stand,  
Where patriot's bosom is their country's shield.  
Rise, ye bold warriors of the sunny South !  
Pour down, ye heroes from the northern plains ;  
On, ye rough hunters from the prairie heath—  
On by the freeman's blood that fills your veins !  
Spread to the world the tidings of a star  
New-born, and added to our glorious flag !  
Make the proud nations hail it from afar—  
Plant it on high Carnerio's topmast crag.\*  
Go in the restless might of freedom's charms—  
Go in the spirit of a freeman's will ;  
Go in the cause which nerved your fathers' arms :  
Go strike in freedom's cause, be freemen still !

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\* Mount Carnerio rises immediately back of Vera Cruz, and being constantly covered with snow, it can be seen at a distance of 150 miles seaward.

[From the Public Ledger.]

43 THE NATION'S CALL.

"To arms, ye brave," our country calls  
On freemen of the land,  
In might to raise, and throng the halls  
Now fill'd by despot bands.

Star of the *North*! the Nation's eye  
Is firmly fixed on thee,  
As from each hill her standards fly,  
And wave victoriously.

Chivalrous *South*! we need thine aid—  
The foe is on our soil!  
Thy valor tried must not be stay'd  
While yet lives war's turmoil.

The steadfast *East* needs no command  
The Nation's rights to save;  
For ever firm her sons will stand,  
Or fill the heroes' grave!

From out the *West* let him come forth  
Whose "sport's the toilsome fray;"  
Whose honest heart and sterling worth  
To triumph lead the way!

United thus, in one phalanx,  
What foe dare meet our band?  
We'll onward march, and cross the banks  
That line the Rio Grande!

Philadelphia, June 1, 1846.

## 44

## MY FATHER LAND.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

WHERE is the true man's father land ?

Is it where he by chance is born ?

Doth not the yearning spirit scorn  
In such scant borders to be spanned ?

O ! yes, his father land must be

As the blue heaven, wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is—

Where God is God and man is man ?

Doth he not claim a broader span  
For the soul's love of home than this ?

O ! yes, his father land must be

As the blue heaven, wide and free !

Where'er human heart doth wear

Joy's myrtle-wreath, or sorrow's gyves,

Where'er a human spirit strives  
After a life more true and fair,

There is the true man's birth-place, grand—

His is a world-wide father land !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,

Where'er one man may help another—

Thank God for such a birthright, brother ;  
That spot of earth is thine and mine !

There is the true man's birth-place, grand—

His is a world-wide father land !

[From the Westchester Jeffersonian.]

45 A SONG FOR THE ARMY.

BY A. M. WRIGHT.

*Tune—"Old Dan Tucker."*

WE'RE on our way to Monterey,  
We're on our way to Monterey,  
We're on our way to Monterey,  
And other towns along the sea.

For now we've crossed the Rio Grande  
With General Taylor in command,  
Our banners floating, on we'll go,  
To conquer all of Mexico.

We're on our way, &c.

We'll push our conquests on the land,  
Bombard their ports upon the strand,  
And with our force we cannot fail  
To whip the enemy in detail.

We're on our way, &c.

And should old England interfere,  
To stop us in our bright career,  
We'll teach her, as we did of yore,  
This land is ours from shore to shore.

We're on our way, &c.

We come from valley, hill and glen,  
Fit nurseries of valiant men,

Where Freedom still her vigil keeps,  
'Mid forests wild and rocky steeps.  
We're on our way, &c.

She kindles in our hearts a flame,  
Impelling us to win a name,  
For deeds that shall outshine in story  
The brightest on the page of glory.  
We're on our way, &c.

So don't molest us, Johnny Bull,  
Or you may get your belly full ;  
*Hard* words with you we would not bandy,  
For *hard* fighting has become quite handy.  
We're on our way, &c.

Let recreant statesmen fly the course,  
And General Scott, the *old* war-horse,  
Blow hot or cold his "plate of soup,"  
To England we will never stoop.  
We're on our way, &c.

We'll boldly fight, and freely bleed,  
With General Taylor at our lead ;  
For foremost in the danger, he  
Will strike with us for victory.  
We're on our way, &c.

His lion heart is strange to fear,  
He shrinks not when the peril's near ;  
But heaviest, fastest, deals his blows  
Amidst the thickest of his foes.  
We're on our way &c.

**46** SONG FOR THE MILLIONS.

OUR God is good, his works are fair,  
His gifts to man are rich and rare;  
His holy presence everywhere,  
O'er land and sea,  
Proclaims that all should equal share  
Sweet liberty.

The air with sounds of Freedom rings,  
Whene'er the lark his carol sings,  
Whene'er the bee bestirs his wings;  
From tiny bird  
And joyful twittering insect things  
That sound is heard.

'Tis first of Nature's wise decrees,  
It floats upon the healthful breeze,  
It speaketh in the rustling trees,  
Without control;  
It rolls o'er waves of mighty seas,  
From Pole to Pole.

Wherever mortal man hath been,  
In deserts wild, or prairies green,  
In storm, or solitude serene,  
O'er hills, or plains,  
He hath in Nature's Kingdom seen  
That freedom reigns.

Dear Liberty ! foul Slavery's ban,  
Destroy thee tyrants never can,  
For when the flight of time began,  
                    God made all free ;  
He breathed into the soul of man,  
                    Pure love for thee.

That love ! inspired great Bruce and Tell ;  
Before them despots fled and fell ;  
That love hath often rung the knell  
                    Of coward knaves,  
Whose powerful villanies compel  
                    Men to be slaves.

And yet that love shall millions bless,  
Its power with all their wrongs redress,  
Base tyranny shall soon confess,  
                    The rights of all ;  
Then wo to him that dare oppress  
                    With chains and thrall.

For God is good, his works are fair,  
His gifts to man are rich and rare ;  
His holy presence everywhere,  
                    O'er land and sea,  
Proclaims that all should equal share  
                    Sweet liberty.

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[From the Saturday Emporium.]

47

YANKEE GIRLS.

BY J. WAKEFIELD.

I'M angry when a freeman sings  
Of foreign maids, whose shallow arts  
Are spent in winning *lords* and *kings*  
Instead of *hearts*!

Let England laud her beauties rare,  
With love-lit eyes and "sunny curls;"  
To *me* they seem not half so fair  
As Yankee girls!

Tho' England's beauties I allow,  
Are fair, and wear a noble mien,  
I'm not *their slave*—I would not bow  
*E'en to their queen*!

But there's a fair and lovely band,  
Decked with no pearl or costly gem—  
The daughters of my native land—  
*I bow to them*!

When our brave fathers sought to gain  
Freedom—the price of many lives—  
Their efforts would have been in vain  
Without their wives.

'Twas *theirs* to bind the bleeding wounds,  
And with fresh courage nerve the free ;  
The daughters of *such* mothers are  
*The girls for me !*

Watertown, N. Y., May, 1846.

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[From the Philadelphia Times.]

#### 48 ON THE DEATH OF MAJ. RINGGOLD.

BY MRS. J. A. BEVERIDGE.

HE died, as brave men still should die,  
A soldier's calmness in his eye ;  
He breathed the Patriot's latest vow,  
With Victory's laurel on his brow.

A grateful country mourns his fall,  
Who, foremost stood at Honor's call,  
Upheld her cause, in battle's strife,  
And for her glory, perilled life.

His word was onward : on the day  
When warriors met in stern array,  
And brave men followed, where he led,  
Secure in valor's path to tread.

Wo to the direst of his foes,  
Who dared the hero's arm oppose,  
Where mid the thickest of the fight,  
His sabre flash'd its deadly light !

But Death still "loves a shining mark,"  
And mid the din of conflict, hark !  
The cannon deals the mighty blow  
That lays the dauntless soldier low !

He fell !—but the fair hand of Fame,  
On her high altar graved his name,  
And Liberty's bright genius, wept,  
Above the bier, where Ringgold slept !

[From the Daily Chronicle.]

49

MAJOR RINGGOLD.

BY JAMES WOODHOUSE.

'Twas midday ! and the sun was bright  
Along the shores of Rio Grande,  
And sparkled in its fiery light  
The bayonets of our patriot band.  
The breezes from the far off mountains  
Came whispering o'er the fields of balm,  
And rested on the chiming fountains,  
Which mirror'd out a heaven of calm.  
The armadillo in his shell,  
Was sleeping in the mangrove's shade,  
And the sloth's lazy cryings fell  
Along the silent mountain's glade.  
Amidst the boughs the song was low  
Of the bright quam and curasoe ;  
No noise disturbed the ambient air,  
No voice of discord hover'd there.

Along the staffs was drooping low,  
Columbia's flag and Mexico's;  
The forests dark, the tangled plain,  
Kept record of a people's fame—  
And the far mountains, calm and blue,  
Told of a gone, but brighter day,  
When Montezuma's legions flew,  
Their chieftain's mandates to obey—  
Ere Cortez, with his hellish band,  
Spread death and slavery o'er the land.

The midday pass'd ! and o'er the flood  
The thunder sound of cannon came ;  
And o'er the waken'd field of blood,  
Loud, deep, and quick, the battery's flame  
Threw its thick iron hail ;  
And Ringgold, foremost of his men,  
Cried " ho, boys ! make the fire again,  
Your country tells the tale."  
Swift rush'd the iron from their walls,  
The laboring cannon bellow'd loud,  
And, brighter than the fire which falls,  
At midnight from the mountain cloud,  
When the deep welkin's ear is riven,  
Flash after flash did gleam—  
And on their spirit wing was driven  
Death's messenger unseen.

O'er Matamoras stood the foe—  
The rapine hordes of Mexico ;

The fires were kindled on their walls—  
What cry of wo salutes the ear?  
What faltering voice attempts to cheer  
The slackening fire, the storm's career?

'Tis Ringgold's, as he falls :  
"Strike in your country's sacred cause,  
Strike by your altars and your laws,  
Strike by your father's mould'ring grave,  
Which pillows by Potomac's wave,  
The arbiter of liberty!  
Who led your dreaded sires in war,  
Who made your country hail'd afar,  
The sacred refuge of the free!"

He fell! and thunders shook the strand,  
Red flash'd the flames o'er Rio Grande  
And when the shout peal'd o'er the lea,  
Hailing our country's victory,  
A fire a moment seized his eye,  
A gaze which did e'en death defy!  
His nostril proud disdain'd his breath—  
He smiled, and triumph'd over death!

He had no bitter thoughts of death—  
He drew no sad, desponding breath;  
He ask'd no bigot's selfish prayer—  
He ask'd no vengeance on his foes  
His country's safety was his care,  
Its triumph ere his life would close.  
For him his conquering country weeps,  
For him whose race was nobly run,

Who fell in victory's arms, and sleeps  
On the proud laurels he has won.

No storm shall tear thy wreath of fame,  
No envy shall traduce thy name;  
The maiden's foot shall seek thy grave,  
By Saratoga's sparkling wave,  
When ardent summer calls the guest  
To the cool shades of tranquil rest.  
And 'midst the gay, on noontide heath,  
Thy name shall grace the festive wreath;  
Its sound the infant's boast shall be—  
Its father's voice shall call on thee;  
And when the avenging bolts of death  
Are wing'd upon the cannon's breath;  
When reeking broadswords thickly fall,  
Like tempests on the foe,  
Thy name, amidst the battle's pall,  
Shall urge a deadlier blow.

For, when the fallen hero's name  
Is utter'd by a freeman's breath,  
And sounds along the ranks of flame,  
It nerves the arm for deeds of death.  
It echoes like the hailing cry  
Which sounded to the seaman's ear,  
When light upon the western sky  
Announc'd a new found world was near;  
Or as the shout which shook the dome  
When Sparta's band decried their home.

Thy name, bright hero of thine age,  
Is lasting as thy country's page !  
Thy leaf the proudest of that tree  
Which calls our sons to victory ;  
And, while upon Columbia's plains,  
One gallant son like thee remains,  
What madd'ning tyrant dares invade  
Our country with his angry steel,  
Save to receive the keen edged blade,  
Which freemen make a tyrant feel ?  
Thy name is grateful as the cry  
Which tells us of our first born's breath ;  
Thou'rt of the chosen few who die,  
To be immortal by their death !

Philadelphia, June 14th, 1846.

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[From the Philadelphia Times.]

**50**

BY A LADY.

COME rally true Americans,  
And show your skill in war,  
Your bravery and your talents  
For fighting none's at par.  
Your own adopted brethren  
From Erin's fertile isle,  
With trusty hearts will by you stand  
And never you beguile.  
The iron band of friendship  
Will bind our Union strong ;

Let no one rend asunder  
Amidst the busy throng ;  
But each put on his helmet,  
And guard against the foe.  
On land or sea, firm at his post  
His dauntless courage show,  
If heavy battles they survive,  
And peace returns once more,  
The glory of our land be theirs,  
Who wins it in the war.  
Then rally ye true patriots,  
From every foreign land,  
Whose hearts beat for America,  
And join our gallant band.

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## 51 FOR TEXAS AND FOR OREGON.

*Tune—"Dandy Jim."*

COLUMBIA'S mighty flag of Mars,  
Has gained two bright and glowing stars,  
But foemen jealous of their light,  
To pluck their glories now unite.  
Be ready then to strike the blow,  
Gainst Johnny Bull or Mexico,  
Arm for the field both sire and son,  
For Texas and for Oregon.

Each spot bold lads, is all our own,  
'Twas cultured by our sons alone,

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By freemen's hands that soil was till'd,  
And freemen's hands shall hold it still.

Be ready then to strike the blow, &c.

Our sons upon each spot so free,  
First planted freedom's holy tree,  
They nourished it with blood and toil,  
And have the first right to the soil.

Be ready then to strike the blow, &c.

Let freedom's pioneers still find,  
That Uncle Sam walks close behind,  
And each spot where their flag's unfurl'd,  
He will defend against the world.

Be ready then to strike, &c.

Let Mexico and Bull unite,  
To rob us of our holy right,  
We'll fire annexation's gun,  
And sweep off ev'ry hostile son.

Be ready then to strike, &c.

Each mountain stream shall like a flood,  
Run purple with the foeman's blood,  
Who from our holy flag would tear,  
The two young stars we've woven there.

Be ready then to strike, &c.

**52 TEXAS, THE YOUNG TREE OF FREEDOM.**

*Tune—"Harry Bluff."*

WAKE, sons of Columbia, by sea and by land,  
With your arms crush the foe and his proud daring  
band,

Fair Texas the sapling of Liberty's tree,  
Is grafted for e'er in the hearts of the free ;  
Ere Mexican's tyrants shall strike at its root,  
Or with foreign aid strive to plunder its fruit,  
To her fair injured land with your arms nobly fly,  
And swear by our union to conquer or die,  
For Texas, the young tree of freedom.

Beneath the broad shelter of Liberty's pine,  
Her fair spreading branches now tenderly twine,  
And our proud eagle flapping his wings o'er each  
bough,  
Screams "death to the hand that shall dare harm  
her now ;"

On our heaven born flag her bright star we have  
wove,  
It gleams with the light Freedom sent from above,  
Then on to the field by its dear holy light,  
And sweep the proud foe from the soil of our right,  
For Texas, the young tree of Freedom.

**53 TO THE FIELD, FREEMEN.**

*Tune—"Draw the Sword, Scotland."*

To the field, freemen, freemen, freemen,  
The foe now threatens fair Liberty's star,  
Arm for the battle, the battle, the battle,  
And drive Mexican proud invaders afar;  
Our young child of freedom is calling, is calling,  
For aid against a phrenzied and merciless foe,  
Then onward for Texas, with valor appalling,  
Let vengeance and freedom be dealt in each blow.  
To field freemen, freemen, freemen,  
The bold foe now threatens fair Liberty's star,  
Arm for the battle, the battle, the battle,  
And drive Mexico's proud invaders afar.

Come wave high the banner, the bright starry banner,  
Your hearts will take fire at the Red White and Blue,  
Quick, launch forth your thunder, your thunder,  
your thunder,  
With Liberty's tars ever valiant and true,  
Then shall the foeman, recoiling, recoiling,  
Retreat to his cavern, or sink to his grave,  
And his boasting be silenced forever, forever,  
As freedom's bright stars over Texas shall wave.  
To the field freemen, freemen, freemen, &c.

**54 THE FAIR LAND OF TEXAS.**

*Tune—"When the Fair Land of Poland."*

'ERE the fair land of Texas, a star of our flag,  
Shall be dim'd by the Mexican foe,  
Arouse sons of freedom, on mountain and crag  
And crush the usurpers all low;  
Shall a band of assassins by false nations joined,  
Crush the soil we now hail as our own,  
No, we'll brave ev'ry nation against us combin'd  
Till freedom o'er earth reigns alone.  
Yes, by our virgin-freedom's land,  
We will protect her heart and hand.

True child of Columbia in young freedom's dawn,  
She lit Independence's fire,  
By its pure light of heaven she boldly rushed on,  
Till she made her invaders retire;  
To our bold starry flag now she leads her young  
star,  
To shine on our liberty's sky,  
And beneath its bright glory we'll rush to the war  
For Texas, and conquer or die.  
Yes, by our virgin-freedom's land,  
We will protect her, heart and hand.

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## 55 ALL FOR TEXAS! OR VOLUNTEERS FOR GLORY.

*Tune—"Follow the Drum."*

COME, rouse, boys, rouse, with spirits gay

Your valiant hearts, and boldly come,

In Texas cause, to march away,

And volunteer all to follow the drum.

Liberty's sons in a foreign land,

Claims our rifles' potent aid,

Then join together, hand in hand,

And off to Texas—who's afraid?

Then rouse, boys, rouse, with spirits gay

Your valiant hearts, and boldly come,

In Texas' cause to march away,

And volunteer all to follow the drum.

The farmer swore he'd leave his plough,

His team, and tillage and all, by gum,

"With a country life, I've done, I swow,

So I'm off to Texas to follow the drum,

How I'd bang the foes, good lord,

I'd not wait for quarter or parley,

I'd use my flail instead of a sword,

But thrash the foe instead of the barley.

The doctor rose from off his seat,

And shook his pestle all so glum,

"I've not been afraid grim death to meet,

So I'll take my lancet and follow the drum.

I'll physic the Mexicans day and night,  
And give 'em a dose of powder and pill,  
I'll phlebotomize 'em if I can't fight,  
And draw some blood if I can't kill."

The dry-goods merchant quit his store,  
And left off twiddling his finger and thumb,  
"My yard measure I'll flourish no more,  
But wield a sword, and follow the drum."

The barber his razor did nobly wave,  
And to lather the foe took off his coat  
"If I had Santa Anna to shave,  
By de hokey powers I'd cut his throat."

The Southern hunter drain'd his cup,  
And slung his rifle over his back  
"I guess my dander's riz right up,  
In Texas' cause I go for a crack."

Onward march through prairie wide,  
With rifle slung, and knife in pocket,  
Victory sits on freedom's side,

Three cheers for Houston and Davy Crockett!

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## 56 COME RAISE ALOFT THE RED WHITE AND BLUE.

*Tune—"Yankee Ship and Yankee Crew."*

COME raise aloft the red white and blue,  
And march to meet the foe,  
Show Mexico's loud boasting crew,  
There's death in freemen's blow;

We'll sweep the Gulf, and cross Del Norte,  
The Mongiel Spaniard to tame,  
We'll shake old Santa Fee's proud forte,  
And light up their towns with our flame.  
Come raise aloft the red white and blue, &c.

Now on to Texas, boldly go,  
And swear by mighty mars,  
That down the Mexican's *sun* shall go,  
Beneath our stripes and stars;  
The star of Texas brightly glows,  
Within each patriot's eye,  
And by its light he nobly goes,  
To guard her soil or die.  
Then raise aloft the red white and blue.

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## 57 YANKEES LIGHT THE FIRES BRIGHT.

*Tune—"Gray Goose."*

YANKEES light the fires bright,  
Your fathers lit of yore, boys,  
And swear no Mexican shall light,  
On Texas' injured shore;  
Come gather east, come gather west,  
Come around with Yankee thunder  
Break down the power of Mexico,  
And tread her tyrants under.

Our little state of gallant scars,  
True friends shall never need 'em,

While we have 27 stars,  
To light her on to freedom.  
Come gather east, &c.

Remember where brave Fanning fell,  
With thirty gory gashes,  
And swear to ring the tyrant's knell,  
Ere they insult his ashes.  
Come gather east, &c.

Remember gallant Crockett's bones,  
Have found a glorious bed there,  
Then tell them in your thunder tones,  
No tyrant's feet shall tread there.  
Come gather east, &c.

Remember freedom's sacred bird,  
Flaps o'er our heroes tombs there,  
And never let the Texian herde,  
Profane his holy plumes there.  
Come gather east, &c.

Then send your cannon on the main,  
Your guns by hill and river,  
And swear you'll Texas rights maintain,  
And keep her free forever.

Come gather east, come gather west,  
Come around with Yankee thunder,  
Break down the power of Mexico,  
And tread her tyrants under.

## 58 FOR TEXAS AND HER STAR.

*Tune—"A Wet Sheet and Flowing Sea."*

COME muster quickly on the seas,  
Each gallant Yankee tar,  
Come spread your banner to the breeze,  
For Texas and her star;  
For Texas and her star, my lads,  
Through gulf and ocean go,  
And with your cannon's thunder voice,  
Drown the boast of Mexico.  
Come muster quickly on the sea,  
Each gallant Yankee tar, &c.

To freedom's breeze now spread your sail,  
Upon the Southern sea,  
And give them with your iron hail,  
A touch of Tripoli,  
Old Ironsides is still afloat,  
And gallant Stewart, too,  
To show each Mexican cut-throat,  
What Yankee tars can do.  
Then muster quickly on the sea, &c.

Remember boys, vile Santa Fee,  
Where captive freemen died,  
When Mexican foul tyranny,  
All mercy then denied;  
Then shout "revenge," and mount the wave,  
And fly before the wind,

And sink into a briny grave,  
These tigers of mankind.  
Come muster quickly on the sea,  
Each gallant Yankee tar, &c.

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### 59 WAVE, WAVE, THE BANNER HIGH.

*Tune—"March to the Battle Field."*

WAVE, wave the banner high,  
And onward to the field, boys,  
By its true blue of the sky,  
We ne'er will Texas yield, boys;  
Each plain and wood,  
Stained by the blood,  
Of freedom's pilgrim sons, boys,  
There Houston led,  
And Crockett bled,  
And brav'd the tyrant's guns, boys.  
Then wave, wave, &c.

All Europe's haughty powers,  
Have owned her a nation,  
And we have made her ours,  
By the annexation.  
A land so fair,  
Shall foemen dare,  
To crush or to enslave, boys,

No, by our veins,  
We'll free her plains,  
And dig each tyrant's grave, boys.  
Then wave, wave, &c.

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## 60 SONG OF THE SETTLERS OF OREGON.

*Tune—"Sing Darkies Sing."*

Out, out, pilgrims out,  
Rend the air with freedom's shout,  
Out, out, pilgrims out,  
For our soil of Oregon.

'Ere Britons own the ground we till  
Our dearest blood we'll freely spill,  
Till Oregon shines pure and free,  
A star in freedom's galaxy.  
Out, out, pilgrims out, &c.

Our prairie flowers,  
First sown by freedom's hand,  
Our noble rivers,  
By freemen's eyes first scanned,  
Our lofty mountains,  
By freemen first explored,  
Shall be defended,  
By freedom's gleaming sword.  
Out, out, pilgrims out, &c.

The sea alone shall be the line,  
To make Columbia's right divine,

And California and Canada,  
Shall yield to freedom's happy sway.

Out, out, pilgrims out,  
Rend the air with freedom's shout,  
Out, out, freemen out,  
For our homes in Oregon.

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## 61 UNCLE SAM'S SONG TO MISS TEXAS,

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

*Tune—"Yankee Doodle."*

WALK in my tall haired Indian gal,  
Your hand, my star-eyed Texas,  
You're welcome to our White House hall,  
Tho' Mexy's hounds would vex us;  
Come on an' take some Johnny cake,  
With lasses snug an' coodle,  
For that an' Independence make,  
A full blood Yankee Doodle.

*Chorus*—Yankee Doodle is the word,  
Surpassin' all creation,  
With the pipe or with the sword,  
It makes us love our nation.

My overseer, young Jimmy Polk,  
Shall show you all my nieces,  
An' then the cabinet we'll smoke,  
Until our eagle sneezes;

If Johnny Bull's fat greedy boys,  
About our union grumble,  
I'll kick up sich a tarnal noise,  
'Twill make 'em feel quite humble.  
Yankee Doodle, &c.

If Mexy, back'd by secret foes,  
Still talks of taken you, gal,  
Why we can lick 'em all, you know,  
An' then annex 'em too, gal ;  
For Freedom's great millenium,  
Is working airth's salvation,  
Her sassy kingdom soon will come,  
Annexin' all creation.  
Singing Yankee Doodle, &c.

## 62

## SONG OF TEXAS.

*Tune—"Lucy Neal."*

I FEAR no haughty nation,  
Though foes all round are piled,  
For now I take my station,  
As Uncle Sammy's child.

*Chorus*—For Texas now is free,  
Young Texas now is free,  
And when I shine among the stars,  
How happy I shall be.

Though Mexico in pride now,  
Begins to threaten blows,  
I'll grin at Sammy's side, now,  
With my thumb upon my nose.  
For Texas now is free, &c.

In '36 I was of age,  
Took Liberty's degrees,  
And to unite I have a right,  
With any state I please.  
For Texas now is free, &c.

In Liberty's pure laws, now,  
Uncle Sam and I are one,  
And I will aid his cause, now,  
For sister Oregon.  
For Texas now is free, &c.

With Freedom's fire prolific,  
We'll clear our rightful bound,  
From Atlantic to Pacific,  
Is Uncle Sam's own ground.  
For Texas now is free, &c.

The whole shall yet be free,  
The whole shall yet be free,  
And Uncle Sam shall have it all,  
In peace and Liberty.  
For Texas now is free, &c.

## 63

## THE FLAG OF TEXAS.

*Tune—"Flow on thou shiny River."*

Flow on, flow on, thou bright young banner,  
Adopted by the free,  
When at the cannon's mouth they swore  
For death or liberty  
Thou child of peril, the stripes that dare  
Thy yet unwritten story,  
May gather stars, and wave o'er fields,  
Where freemen fight for glory.

The breeze of heaven shall bear thee,  
Upon its sunny wing,  
Until the triumph of thy star,  
The dove of peace shall bring.  
Thy birth-place was the field of blood,  
And war's terrific thunder  
Did cradle thee, till thou hast broke  
The oppressor's bonds asunder.

Among the flags of nations,  
There is a place for thee,  
Flaunt up, thou bright young banner,  
Flaunt proudly o'er the free ;  
The stripes, and stars, shall lead thee on  
That o'er Columbia wave,  
Float on in sweet companionship,  
Proud banner of the brave.

## 64

## TEXIAN CAMP SONG

*Tune—"Old Ballad."*

OUR rifles are ready and ready are we,  
Neither fear, care, or sorrow in this company,  
Our rifles are ready to welcome the foe,  
So onward, brave soldiers, to battle we go,  
For Texas, the land where the bright rising star,  
Leads to beauty in peace, and glory in war. [*Repeat.*

With aim never erring, we strike down the deer;  
We chill the false heart of the red man with fear,  
The blood of the Saxon flows full in the veins  
Of the lads who will lord over Mexico's plains;  
O'er the plains where the breeze from the South  
    woos the flowers,  
As we press those we love in their sweet summer  
    bowers.

One pledge to our loves—when the battle is done  
They shall share the broad lands our rifles have won,  
No tear on their cheek; should we sleep with the  
    dead,

There are rovers to follow, who will still go-ahead,  
Who will still go-ahead with the bright rising star,  
That leads to beauty in peace, or glory in war.

## 65

## FREEDOM AND TEXAS.

*Tune—"Banks of Aberfeldy."*

GALLANT patriots arm and out,  
Raise banner and the battle-shout,  
The proud oppressor's force to rout,  
For freedom and for Texas,  
Let not her freedom star so grand,  
That caught its fires from our land,  
Be pluck'd by the vile tyrant's band,  
But arm and strike for Texas.

Gallant patriots, &c.

When first our fathers beat the drum,  
And struck for freedom and her home,  
Then sons of France and Poland come,  
To their aid 'gainst foreign taxes.  
Then thus brave patriots arm and out,  
Raise banner and the battle-shout,  
The proud oppressor's force to rout,  
For freedom and for Texas.

Come e'er the despot Santa Anna,  
Man's on her soil fair freedom's plain,  
Up and drive his murd'rous clan,  
Far from the shores of Texas.  
Gallant patriots arm and out,  
Raise banner and the battle-shout,  
The proud oppressor's force to rout,  
For freedom and for Texas.

## 66

## LIBERTY AND TEXAS.

*Tune—"The Statty Fair."*

COME Yankee lads that know no fear,  
Injur'd freedom becks us,  
Calling us to volunteer  
For Liberty and Texas.  
Seize the rifle, sword and knife,  
And with heart and hand boys,  
Rush into the noble strife,  
For freedom's infant land boys.  
Come Yankee lads that know no fear, &c.

Strike in gallant Houston's van,  
'Ere oppression ties him,  
We'll show old sa-t-an Santa Ann,  
That we can exorcise (exercise) him.  
We'll lay his hot imps cold and low,  
Upon field feather bed, sirs,  
And prove that gold of Mexico,  
Can't weigh with Yankee lead sir,  
Come Yankee lads, &c.

Ere a proud and treacherous foe,  
Crush our sister freeland,  
We'll unto the rescue go,  
Or give our mite with free hand.  
Then raise the gleaming Texas star,  
'Gainst Mexico's old Nick boys,  
Our rifle's fire shalt light him home,  
As they did in '36 boys.  
Come Yankee lads, &c.

**67 THE SANTA FE PRISONERS.**

*Tune—"Columbia Land of Liberty."*

AMERICANS protect your blood,  
From slavery's soul-galling chain,  
Shall brothers of fair freedom's sod,  
Linger still in captive's pain ?  
Shall foreign dungeons still confine,  
The hearts that bled for freedom here ?  
No, cross the mongrel Spaniard's line,  
And by the blood of freedom swear  
To rescue from captivity,  
The prisoners of Santa Fe.

Oh, shall it e'er be said that we  
Who hear their groans across the waves,  
Still suffered them to bow the knee,  
To toil like brutes, and pine like slaves ?  
Up, up, and strike the vengeful blow,  
And for their liberation call,  
Or raze their lofty towers low,  
And crush the tyrants in their fall,  
And tear from vile captivity,  
The prisoners of Santa Fe.

**68**      REMEMBER THE ALAMO.

BY T. A. DURRIAGE.

*Tune—"Brucés Address."*

WHEN on the wide spread battle-plain,  
The horseman's hand can scarce restrain,  
His pampered steed that spurns the rein,  
Remember the Alamo.

When sounds the thrilling bugle blast,  
And "charge" from rank to rank is past,  
Then, as your sabre-strokes fall fast,  
Remember the Alamo.

Heed not the Spanish battle-yell,  
Let every stroke ye give them *tell*,  
And let them fall as Crockett fell,  
Remember the Alamo.

For every wound and every thrust,  
On pris'ners dealt by hands accurst,  
A Mexican shall bite the dust,  
Remember the Alamo.

The cannon's peal shall ring their knell,  
Each volley sound, a passing bell,  
Each cheer Columbia's vengeance tell,  
Remember the Alamo.

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For it, disdaining flight, they stand,  
And try the issue hand to hand,  
Wo to each Mexican brigand !  
Remember the Alamo.

Then boot and saddle ! draw the sword ;  
Unfurl your banner bright and broad,  
And as ye smite the murderous horde,  
Remember the Alamo.



## 69

## THE UNION'S CALL.

*Tune—"All the Blue Bonnets."*

ARM, arm, sons of the Union,  
'Gainst Mexican tyranny, arm for the battle,  
Arm, arm, in gallant communion,  
The drums of the foemen insultingly rattle ;  
Their sun banner waving,\*  
Our Texas star craving ;  
False nations send soldiers and captains to lead  
them,  
Raise the loud battle-cry,  
Onward to Texas fly,  
To give her bold sons Independence and Freedom.  
Arm, arm, sons of the union,  
'Gainst Mexican tyranny, &c.

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\* A Sun is the banner of Mexico.

Awake in your halls where you freedom first courted,  
And rush to the rescue by sea and by land,  
Awake on your rocks where the eagle first sported,  
And drive ev'ry foe from a hold on your strand,  
Up with your sword and gun,  
Down with the Spanish sun,  
Your bright stars will light you wherever you need  
them,  
From Sabine to Santa Fe,  
Shout death or liberty,  
Till all Mexico wears the bright stars of freedom.  
Arm, arm, sons of the union,  
Gainst Mexican tyranny, &c.

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## 70

## THE TEXAS WAR-CRY.

*Tune—"The Star Spangled Banner."*

UP Texians, rouse hill and vale with your cry,  
No longer delay for the bold foe advances,  
The banners of Mexico tauntingly fly,  
And the vallies are lit with the gleam of their  
lances;  
With justice our shield,  
Rush forth to the field,  
And ne'er quit your posts till our foes fly or yield,  
For the bright star of Texas shall ne'er grow dim,  
While her soil boasts a son to raise rifle or limb.

Rush forth to the line, then these hirelings to meet,  
Our lives and our homes we will yield unto no  
man,  
Death! death, on our free soil we'll willingly meet,  
Ere our free temples soiled by the feet of the foe-  
man,  
Grasp rifle and blade,  
With hearts undismayed,  
And swear by the temple brave Houston has made,  
That the bright star of Texas shall ne'er be dim  
While her soil boasts a son to raise rifle or limb.

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## 71 ARM ON! ARM ON! YE BRAVE AND FREE.

A new National Anthem, written by George P. Morris, Esq.—Sung by F. A. Nash, Esq., at the great War gathering, in New York, on the 20th of May, 1846. The chorus was joined in by twenty thousand freemen.

FREEDOM spreads her downy wings,  
Over all created things;  
Glory to the King of Kings!

Bend low to Him the knee;  
Bring the heart before His throne—  
Bow to Him and Him alone;  
He's the only King we own,  
And He has made us free;

*Chorus*—Arm and on, ye brave and free!  
Arm and strike for Liberty!

The holiest spot a smiling sun  
E'er shed its genial rays upon,  
Is that which gave a Washington,  
The drooping world to cheer!  
Sound the clarion peals of Fame,  
Ye who bear Columbia's name—  
With existence freedom came—  
It is man's birth-right here.

Arm and on, ye brave and free!  
Arm and strike for Liberty!

Heirs of an immortal sire,  
Let his deeds your hearts inspire—  
Weave the strain and wake the lyre,  
Where your proud altars stand;  
Hail with shouts and loud hurrahs,  
Streaming from a thousand spars,  
Freedom's rainbow flag of stars,  
The symbol of our land!

Arm and on, ye brave and free!  
Arm and strike for liberty!



## 72

## THE BATTLE CALL.

*Tune—"Boatman's Dance."*

OH, war now blows her ringing blast,  
And fighting times have come at last,  
Freedom buckle on the sword,  
To crush the Mexican vile horde.

Then march true freemen, march,  
Come march true freemen, march,  
March day and night, and boldly fight,  
For freedom and for Texas.

Heigh ho united go,  
To crush the Dons of Mexico. [*Repeat.*

Let every state her might prepare,  
The honors of the fight to share,  
For every state can boast a son,  
Whose valor little Texas won.

Then march, &c.

Her little *star* makes twenty-eight,  
Our sky-blue flag to decorate,  
By Oregon its rays shall shine,  
To make the glorious *twenty-nine*.

Then march, &c.

Heigho ahead we'll go,  
In spite of Bull and Mexico.



### 73 JACKSON'S LAST WORDS FOR OREGON.

“No compromise but at the cannon's mouth.”

*Tune—“Lucy Neal.”*

OH, hear my dying prayer, boys,  
From north unto the south,  
Ne'er compromise on Oregon,  
But at the cannon's mouth.

*Chorus*—But at the cannon's mouth,  
But at the cannon's mouth,  
No compromise for Oregon,  
But at the cannon's mouth.

Around our starry banner,  
Each freeman take his oath,  
To never compromise our right  
But at the cannon's mouth.  
But at the cannon's mouth, &c.

Until the blood of freedom,  
Shall feel life's ending drought,  
Ne'er compromise an acre,  
But at the cannon's mouth.  
But at the cannon's mouth, &c.

Though Britons crowd the ocean,  
Around our distant south,  
Demand the whole of Oregon,  
E'en at the cannon's mouth.  
E'en at the cannon's mouth, &c.

By treaties and by breaches,  
They'll stop our nation's growth  
Unless we stand up for our rights,  
E'en at the cannon's mouth.  
E'en at the cannon's mouth, &c.

Then hear my last injunction,  
And swear from north to south,  
To claim the whole of Oregon,  
E'en at the cannon's mouth.  
E'en at the cannon's mouth, &c.

**74**                    **ANDREW JACKSON;**  
**OR, THE BOLD AND TOUGH OLD HICKORY**

*Tune—"Fine Old English Gentleman."*

I'LL sing to you a tough new song, made by a tough  
    old pate,  
Of a tough old chief of Liberty, from Carolina's  
    state,  
He there sprang from the root of freedom's hickory  
    tree so great,  
And prov'd so tough in freedom's cause he's called  
    unto this date,  
    The bold and tough old hickory,  
    The hero of Orleans.

While quite a sapling he branched forth our free-  
    dom to defend,  
Though once a tyrant tied his boughs, his trunk  
    they ne'er could bend,  
He scorned to brush oppression's boots when once a  
    captive low,\*  
But lived with his tough hick'ry limbs to sweep the  
    daring foe.  
    This bold and tough old hickory,  
    The hero of Orleans.

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\* In the Revolution, Andrew though quite a boy, was taken prisoner by a party of British soldiers—the commanding officer among other duties during his captivity, ordered him to black his boots, which surville office the patriotic youth absolutely refused to perform.

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When red men rushed upon our homes fierce as the  
    mountain flood,  
And gleaming knife and tomahawk were red with  
    white men's blood,  
He crushed the sanguinary horde on Tallapoosa's  
    shore,  
And old chiefs think they still hear in the torrent's  
    angry roar,  
    The bold and tough old hickory,  
    The hero of Orleans.

And when Britannia's veterans bold at New Orleans  
    drew sword,  
And the prize—" *Booty and Beauty*," was their  
    boasting battle word,  
His motto was the nobler prize, "*Honor and  
    Liberty*,"  
And the flower of British oaks dropp'd down before  
    fair freedom's tree.  
    The bold and tough old hickory, &c.

Next in the nation's capitol he stood the nation's  
    shield,  
His valor and his wisdom there shone bright as in  
    the field,  
Within the South he nullified the voice of civil war,  
And forced due honor to our flag from nations near  
    and far,  
    This noble tough old hickory,  
    The hero of Orleans.

At last the soldier and the sage within his cot we  
see,  
Like Cincinnatus praying for the land he help'd to  
free,  
There as some star more glorious shines before its  
light retires,  
The noble trunk burned bright away in freedom's  
holy fires.  
Of this bold and tough old hickory, &c.

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## 75 TEXIAN GENERAL'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

*Tune—"Scots wi' hae' we Wallace bled."*

TEXIANS brave, in freedom bred,  
Texians now by freedom led  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour;  
See the front of battle low'r;  
See approach Sant' Anna's power—  
Chains and slavery!

Who will be a traitor knave?  
Who can fill a coward's grave?  
Who so base as be a slave?  
Coward! turn and flee!

Who for Texas' land and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw;  
Freeman stand or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your son's in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do or die!



## 76 THE FRONTIER MAN'S CALL.

*Tune—"Malbrook."*

COME border men awake now,  
By mountain and by lake now,  
And make the mountains shake now,  
With your rifle's loud alarms.  
The red men come in swarms,  
Each frontier man to arms,  
For the savage is over the border,  
The savage is over the border,  
Prepared for fight and murder,  
Then frontier men to arms.

From field and cottage come now,  
At the sound of horn and drum now,  
Defend your native home now,  
From danger and alarms ;  
Loud whoops and yells resound,  
Then leap forth at the sound,  
For the savage is over the border,  
The savage is over the border,  
They come for plunder and murder,  
Then frontier men to arms.

We swear to know no rest, boys,  
In our green home of the west boys,  
'Till our wives with peace are blest boys,  
And safety shields our farms.  
Our cause each true heart warms,  
Then frontier men to arms,  
For the savage is over the border,  
Our wives to scalp and murder,  
Then shout the battle-word clear,  
And boldly rush to arms.

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## 77 BATTLE OF THE THAMES

*Tune—"Decatur's Victory."*

AWAKE ! awake, Americans awake !  
And sing with loud acclaim your gallant chief-  
tains' names ;  
Awake, awake, by hall, by hill and lake,  
Your song to those who conquer'd at the Thames !

Where Britons swarming forces back'd by their  
dusky allies,  
March'd forth to enthrall all our western hills and  
vallies.

Then Harrison so bold,  
Our bright starry flag unroll'd,  
And with Johnson's glorious power,  
And his rifle's thunder shower,  
They made the British Proctor soon his haughty  
banner lower.

Then awake, awake, Americans awake,  
And shout with loud acclaim your gallant chief-  
tains' names,

Awake, awake, forth your acclamations break,

To brave Harrison and Johnson of the Thames.  
Record, record the gallant deeds record,

Of Shelby and the noble bands that struggled on  
that day,

Reward, reward, with honors bright reward,

The glorious chiefs who bravely led the way;  
Proud Proctor advanced, of his British legion boast-  
ing,

Next came the bold Tecumseh, but his red binds  
got a roasting ;

For old Harrison's bright plan,

Scatter'd soon the British van,

While brave Johnson's manly blow,

Laid the fierce Tecumseh low,

And victory was echo'd by the roaring Thames  
below.

Then awake, awake, Americans awake,  
And shout with loud acclaim your gallant chief-  
tains' names,  
Break, break forth in acclamations break,  
To Harrison and Johnson of the Thames.

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## 78 HURRAH! FOR THE TEXAS STAR.

*Tune—"Rosin the Bow."*

COME citizens and Yankee soldiers,  
And volunteers near and afar,  
And musket, or rifle all shoulder,  
To fight for the bright Texas star—  
And fight for the Texian star,  
And fight for the Texian star,  
The musket, or rifle all shoulder,  
And fight for the Texian star.

Ye bold rifle men of Kentucky,  
Come aid us in freedom's just war,  
And our struggle will surely be lucky,  
If you strike for the Texian star—  
And strike for the Texian star.  
And strike, &c.

Ye bold volunteers of the city,  
Who fain would wear honor's bright scar,  
On brave brother freemen take pity,  
And fight for the Texian star,  
And fight for the Texian star.  
And fight, &c.

Come forth with your time-tempered weapons,  
 That drove your invaders afar,  
 Come on 'ere the tyrant is steeping  
 In blood the bright Texian star,  
 In blood the bright Texian star.  
 In blood, &c.

Come forth ye bold Yankee militia,  
 Whose arms once oppression did mar,  
 Come aid us with *steel* or with *specie*,  
 In defending the Texian star,  
 In defending the Texian star.  
 In defending, &c.

Our cause is the cause of fair freedom,  
 For the dear rights of man we're at war,  
 Give us soldiers and heroes to lead them,  
 And save the bright Texian star,  
 And save the bright Texian star.  
 And save, &c.



## 79

## EPIGRAM.

ARISTA was a tailor's goose,  
 To pun 'pon Taylor's name,  
 For Taylor's *measures* all, *it seems*,  
 Are *el*-oquent of fame.  
 He *sews* them up, he *fells* them down  
 He *cuts* them into bits,  
 And though his *charges* are severe  
 He gives them perfect *fits*

[From the Daily Chronicle.]

**SO A VOICE COMES O'ER 'THE STORMY SEA.**

A VOICE comes o'er the stormy sea  
From Britain's rock-bound coast—  
A challenge to the brave and free,  
A loud and braggart boast;  
America has heard the voice  
From the Sabine to the Maine,  
And her hardy sons rejoice  
To meet their foe again.

The name of gallant Stewart  
Will nerve our valiant tars  
And stout shall be such Yankee heart  
Beneath our country's stars;  
The honored name our fathers won  
Their sons will never stain  
As long as the bright beaming sun  
Shall rise upon the main.

The many glorious victories,  
Our noble Stewart won;  
Master of oceans and of seas,  
The world his fame will own;  
Our tars will flock around his flag  
With hearts for glory warm,  
And fight beneath it while a rag  
Shall flutter in the storm.

Back! let this vaped boasting  
On Britain's shores be thrown!  
Let it throughout her empire ring,  
And shake the tot'ring throne!  
Her lion grappled with us once,  
And dare he come again,  
Our Eagle on his fleets will pounce,  
And strew them o'er the main!

---

## 81 THE YANKEE VOLUNTEER.

THE days of seventy-six, my boys,  
We ever must revere,  
Our fathers took their muskets then,  
To fight for freedom dear.  
Upon the plains of Lexington,  
They made the foe look queer,  
Oh, 'tis great delight to march and fight,  
As a Yankee volunteer.  
(*Spoken,*) Ready! aim! fire!

Then next on famous Bunker's hill,  
Our standard they did rear;  
'Twas there our gallant Warren fell,  
I tell it with a tear;  
But for their victory that day,  
The foe did pay full dear.  
Oh, 'tis great delight, &c

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Through snow and ice at Trenton, boys,  
They crossed the Delaware ;  
Led by immortal Washington,  
No danger did they fear.  
They gave the foe a drubbing, boys,  
Then back to town did steer.

At Saratoga next, my boys,  
Burgoyne they beat severe ;  
And at the siege of Yorktown,  
They gained their cause so dear.  
Cornwallis there gave up his sword,  
Whilst freedom's sons did cheer.

Throughout our latest struggle, boys,  
We still victorious were,  
And Jackson's deeds, at New Orleans,  
In bright array appear,  
His virtues and his bravery,  
Each foeman must revere.

And should a foe e'er again,  
Upon our coast appear,  
There's hearts around me, brave and true,  
Who'd quickly volunteer,  
To drive invaders from the soil,  
Columbia's sons hold dear ;  
Oh, they'd each delight to march and fight,  
Like Yankee volunteers.

## 82 THE FEMALE VOLUNTEER FOR TEXAS.

*Tune—"The Dashing White Sergeant."*

OH! had I a beau,  
Who for Texas would go,  
Do you think I'd say no,  
No, no, not I;  
When his rifle I saw,  
Not a sigh would I draw,  
But give him *eclat*,  
For his bravery.

If a band of young patriots should come in my way  
A volunteer for Texas I'd march away.

March, march, &c.

When the field I am on,  
Do you think I would mourn,  
Or wish to return,  
No, no, not I—  
With freedom I'd burn,  
All fear would I scorn,

Till Texas was crown'd with liberty!

If a band of young patriots should come in my way  
A volunteer for Texas I'd march away.

March away, march away, &c.

Then arouse, man and maid,  
Fair Texas to aid,  
Grasp rifle and blade,  
And never fly,

Till freedom again,  
Shall smile on her plain,  
Your life's blood drain,  
For victory.

If a band of young patriots should come in my way  
A volunteer for Texas I'd march away.

March away, march away, &c.

[From the N. O. Delta.]

83

CAPTAIN WALKER.

THOU ace of trumps in glory's pack !  
Lead out—the metal's in the mind ;  
A million hearts are giving back  
Impulses, which have throbbed in thine ;  
They come from East, and North and West—  
All souls of valor, breasts of flame ;  
But such as thou will need, at best,  
But half a hand to win the game.

Thou freest of the patriot free !  
Thou bravest of the nobly brave !  
Thou star of freedom's chivalry !  
We envy thee—if but a grave.  
Thy name is linked with those which shine  
In glory's sky—the oaks of old,  
The men who faced the stormy line  
Of Britain's valor—spurn'd her gold.

Now come the swords—they leap 'breast-high—  
Now come the bayonets, glancing bright—  
Now flags, amidst the rallying cry,  
Unfurl their stars in morning's light ;  
Now hands that strongly grasp the brand,  
Westward and Southward, point the way—  
Now voices shout for Freedom's land,  
And firmly moves the proud array.

This is the tribute Freedom sends  
To thee, who art her bravest son ;  
Thy fearless spirit, valor lends  
To weaker hearts, that else had none ;  
Speed on—afar thy fame resounds ;  
Thy praises come to every ear,  
From lips that murmur sweeter sounds,  
Than men less brave deserve to hear.

—♦—  
[From the Sunday Dispatch.]

84

## OUR COUNTRY.

“ Right or Wrong, Our Country.”

Our country ever ! right or wrong—  
The Land that gave us birth,  
In every son finds champion,  
'Gainst proudest of the earth.  
Right be she ever, but though wrong,  
Still bare your breast, each son,  
An offering make of patriot blood  
Upon her Altar—Home.

[From the Cincinnati Weekly Herald]

85

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

"GIVE up?" Who speaks the craven word?  
Whose coward heart shrinks back?  
Who dares not brave with manly front,  
The perils in our track?  
Who talks of rest and peace, while yet  
Our work is but begun?  
Who lays aside his armour,  
Ere the battle-field be won?

Are the bondman's fetters broken  
Has the mother ceased her moan,  
For the sold and bleeding children,  
She may never call her own?  
Doth the crushed and broken spirit,  
That man to earth has trod,  
Stand erect in conscious freedom,  
As created by our God?

Do southern breezes waft us  
The songs of jubilee?  
Or the wail of captive millions,  
Who are pining to be free?  
Has our free soil been polluted,  
And can we cease to feel,  
With the tyrant's lash above us,  
And his fetter on our heel?

No! Stamped with darkest infamy  
The craven spirit be,  
That shrinks beneath the heaviest load,  
Or basely bends the knee—  
That tamely yields a single right,  
Or bates a single word  
Of God's resistless truth, that yet  
By tyrants shall be heard.

Go strip thee for the conflict,  
In God's holy name repair  
To Freedom's sacred shrine, and lay  
Thy cherished idols there,  
Guard well thy heart, distrust thyself,  
Let no accursed thing  
Pollute with earth-born, selfish lust,  
The offering thou dost bring.

Let not thy spirit falter!  
Let thy faith be firm and strong;  
Though the conflict round thee thicken,  
And the strife be thick and long.  
Stand fast—thy feet are on a rock,  
Thy God will be thy shield;  
Die like a man, if die thou must,  
But never basely yield!

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

86 LINES, ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR  
RINGGOLD.

BY EDWARD H. DAVIS.

OH! heard ye that shout? "We have conquered  
the foe!" [plain!

How it rings and re-echoes o'er mountain and  
But, alas! with it mingles the sad note of woe—

"A hero has perished!—brave Ringgold is slain!"

They have laid him to rest on a far distant shore,  
Where the Rio del Norte in its majesty flows,  
And millions of freemen his loss will deplore,  
And weep o'er the spot where his ashes repose

Though dimmed is the eye of the hero, forever,  
And hushed is his voice in the stillness of death,  
His spirit will hover around those who never  
Deserted their leader till life's latest breath.

When round them like hail, the death-storm shall  
rattle,

And the war-cloud in darkness envelope the plain,  
His voice will be heard o'er the din of the battle,  
Till victory perch on their banners again.

His name shall live on when the struggle has ceased,  
And "grim visaged war" from our borders has flown,  
When the era of freedom has so far increased,  
That its bounds can be traced on the ocean alone.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer ]

## 87 COMBAT OF RESACA DE LA PALMA.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

MORNING broke upon the martial train,  
Column upon column of glittering arms  
Long lined the road, and spread the plain,  
While rattling drums rolled forth alarms ;  
Each freeman, of his country proud,  
And sharing in her well-earned fame,  
Pressed bravely on, while clarion loud,  
With shrillest blasts their breasts in flame.

Fast onward moved the warlike band,  
Till further route strong foes denied,  
Who proudly for their "God and Native Land,"  
Their standards to the breeze flung wide.  
Then the fast manœuvering—the quick deploy,  
The rolling cannon, and rumbling cars—  
The wild, enthusiastic shout of joy,  
When waved on high our "Stripes and Stars."

The flash—the smoke—the artillery roar ;  
The answering volley from front and rear :  
The wounded—slain—the bloody gore,  
Yet, on they rushed, nor thought of fear.  
The wreathing smoke in columns black,  
From burning grass, becloud the foe,—  
The broken ranks—the fierce attack,  
The shout of victory, and the wail of woe.

The charging cavalry—its brave defeat,  
The firm repulse by well-aimed fire,  
The wild disorder—the foes retreat,  
As from the ravine, they retire ;  
The hot pursuit—the “thicket fight”—  
No longer bold defiance hurled,—  
The well-won pass, by valorous might,  
The captured standards closely furled.

All this, all these, the “Pride of war,”  
Soon ceased upon that bloody field,  
With gloom unlit by moon or star,  
Night threw her mantle o’er the shield.  
Brave heroes slain, now cold in death,  
Around in solemn silence lay,  
Their country’s name with dying breath,  
They uttered last—then passed away.

Our country mourns the noble dead,  
Who fell upon that glorious day ;  
Whose fame upon her ’scutcheon spread,  
Enshrined by love can ne’er decay ;  
Whose death their deeds immortal made,  
And wrote their names her annals on ;  
In language of the gleaming blade,  
Which long shall live, tho’ they are gone.

Philadelphia, Sept. 9, 1846.

[From the Harrisburg Argus.]

**SS WE 'LL NEVER GIVE UP.**

BY H. PETRIKIN.

WE 'LL NEVER GIVE UP an inch of our soil,  
Or surrender a foot of our land,  
If tyrants attempt our domain to despoil,  
We 'll arm at the word of command,  
With TAYLOR as Chief, we 'll rush to the fight,  
And seal with our blood our devotion to right,  
Our motto shall be,  
"Enlarg'd Liberty!"  
Our watchword—"WE 'LL NEVER GIVE UP!"

Our land is the home of the free and the brave,  
Our *flag*, the protection of *all*  
Who scorn, like our fathers, to wear, like a slave,  
The fetters that cankers and thrall;  
No, WE 'LL NEVER GIVE UP, but on to the fight,  
That tyrants may know our devotion to right,—  
Our motto shall be,  
"Enlarg'd Liberty!"  
Our watchword—"WE 'LL NEVER GIVE UP!"

'From the east to the west blow the trumpet to  
arms,  
'Through the land let the sound of it flee,"  
In the north and the south, light beacon alarms,  
To stir up the brave and the free:

---

Like our fathers of old, let us on to the fight,  
To bleed in defence of justice and right:—

Our motto shall be,

“Enlarg’d Liberty!”

Our watchword—“WE’LL NEVER GIVE UP!”

WE’LL NEVER GIVE UP, while there’s foam on the  
sea,

Or leaves on our tall forest trees,

No son of our soil, terror-stricken will flee,

While the battle-cry wafts on the breeze:—

For TEXAS is ours—not an inch of its soil

By the dead which it holds, shall despots despoil,—

Our war-cry shall be,

“It belongs to the free,”

Our watchword—“WE’LL NEVER GIVE UP!”

The soil which has drank the blood of the brave,

Is part of their deeds of renown;

What craven would dare to relinquish the grave,

Of Ringgold and Cochran and Brown:—

No, we’ll never give up the spot where they sleep,

There Liberty’s sons their vigils shall keep,—

Their motto shall be,

“Enlarg’d Liberty!”

Their watchword—“WE’LL NEVER GIVE UP!”

[From the Flag of Our Union.]

**89**      **OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.**

OUR starry and our striped Flag !  
Our Country's boast, our Nation's pride !  
It is a theme that ne'er shall flag  
Long as the flow of freedom's tide.

It is a theme that well may swell  
With rapture more than tongue can tell,  
The patriot's heart, the poet's pen,  
Bound by that mystic freedom's spell ;  
The orator in freedom's cause,  
The soldier with his sheathed sword,  
The advocate of equal laws,  
The farmer on his blood-stained sward,  
Shall for a theme in want ne'er be  
So long as waves on yonder tree  
That Flag ; the Flag of Liberty !

Proud offspring of ' no taxed tea,'  
Should tyrants haughty now become,  
And boast and banter with their brags,  
To cool their ardor freedom's sons  
Will point them to our starry Flag.  
The monarchs of the Eastern world  
Would, if they could, in nook or crag,  
Bury, and from existence hurl  
Their mortal hate, our striped Flag.

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In former times, some tyrants bold  
Did scornful term 'a heap of rags'  
(For quiet's sake let it ne'er be told)  
Our starry and our striped Flag.

How changed the scene, how different now,  
Whilst floating high in foreign skies,  
They all do meet it with a bow,  
Still watching close 'our Eagle's eyes.'  
Our Country's Flag bespangled with  
A bright array of shining stars,  
Presents 'the constellations' clear,  
To those at home, to those afar.  
Our Country's Flag, of many a stripe  
Composed, yet forms 'one entire sheet,'  
Cemented by a friendship ripe  
For plighted faith, always to keep.

This is our Country's boast and pride;  
This is a theme that tyrants gag;  
This is a light the oppressed to guide,  
Our starry and our striped Flag.  
Let tyrants never hope to force  
From out this constellation bright,  
A single star; there'll be no loss.  
A constant steady gain of light,  
And should they try those seams to rend  
That bind our stripes so firm and fast,  
They'll find they cannot gain their end;  
Those seams were made fore'er to last—

Fit emblems of our Union's strength,  
Its durability and length.

And tyrants now have learnt too late  
Our Nation's one, though many a state.—  
Though lose she wont, yet gain she will  
New stars and stripes in her career,  
Nor will our Flag e'er be so filled  
That none can gain admittance here.  
Each other Flag of nations round  
Has had long since its compliment ;  
But when 'Our Country's Flag' has found  
An issue to its sure intent,  
Then will the stars within her fold  
Be equal to as many parts,  
As in the world can then be told,  
All linked fast by freemen's hearts.

Youths of America ! I ween  
You will preserve it pure and neat,  
And never let its folds be seen  
Defiled beneath a tyrant's feet.  
A legacy, it was bestowed,  
Without a blemish or a spot,  
That you might pass it on to those  
Who follow next, as free from blot.  
Transmit ! Ah, yes, 'tis property  
Entailed on ages yet to come,  
On ultimate posterity  
And on the last of Freedom's sons.

---

'Tis so entailed that you may use  
The interest with perfect right ;  
The principal do not abuse,  
Who does, is an unlucky wight.  
Let mortal ne'er attempt to give  
A mortgage, or incumbrance place  
Upon this boon, and think to live  
Except in exile or disgrace.

Unfurl your banner, let her wave  
In Freedom's gale, her natural breeze,  
And never let her hide a slave  
Beneath her shade, unjustly seized :  
Let her an ensign always be  
To tyrants, of redress for wrong—  
To the oppressed, of Liberty,  
And to the brave, of courage strong.

And swelling full 'Our Country's Flag,'  
Ne'er may the breeze of Freedom lag :  
Long may she wave o'er sea and crag,  
Our starry and our striped Flag.

1840

Received of the Treasurer of the  
County of ... the sum of ...  
for ...

Witness my hand and seal this ...  
day of ... 1840

Attest my hand and seal this ...  
day of ... 1840

By ...  
County Clerk

# TABLE

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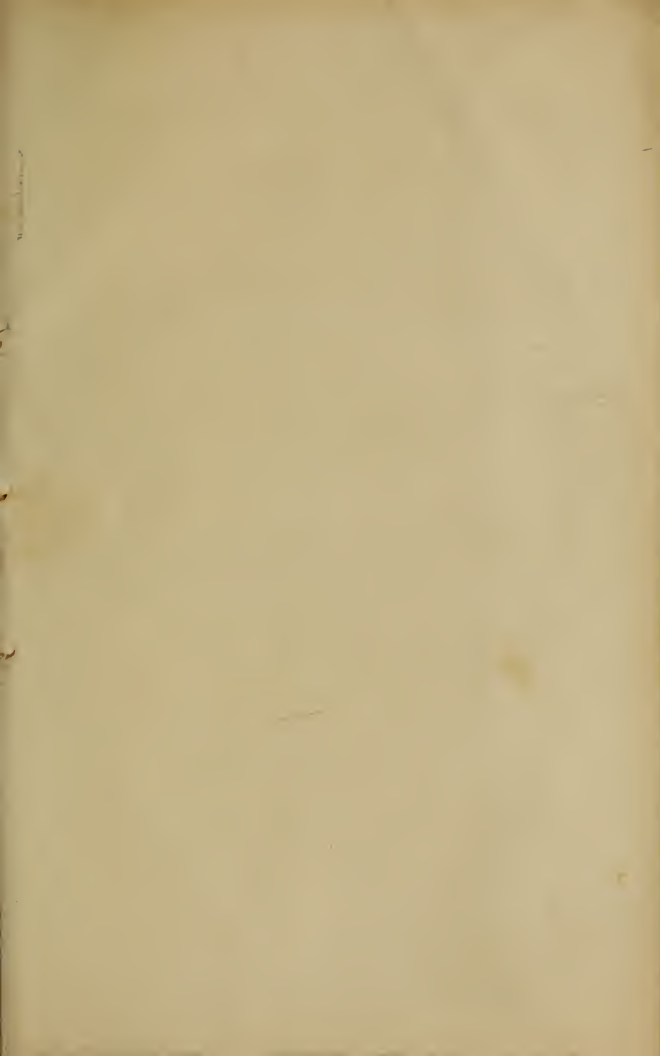
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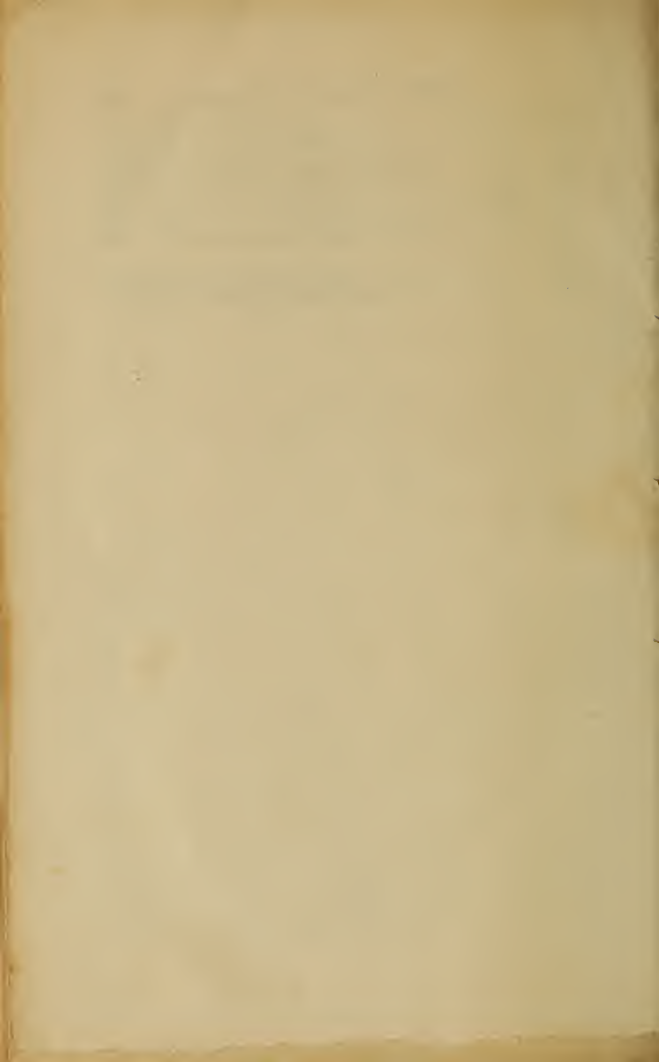
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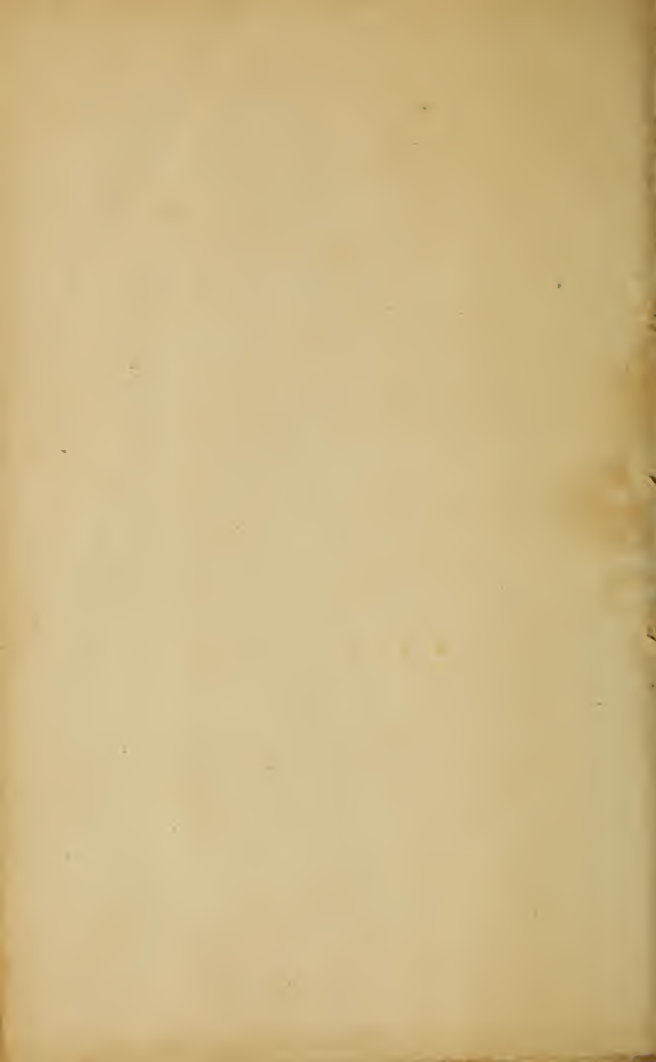
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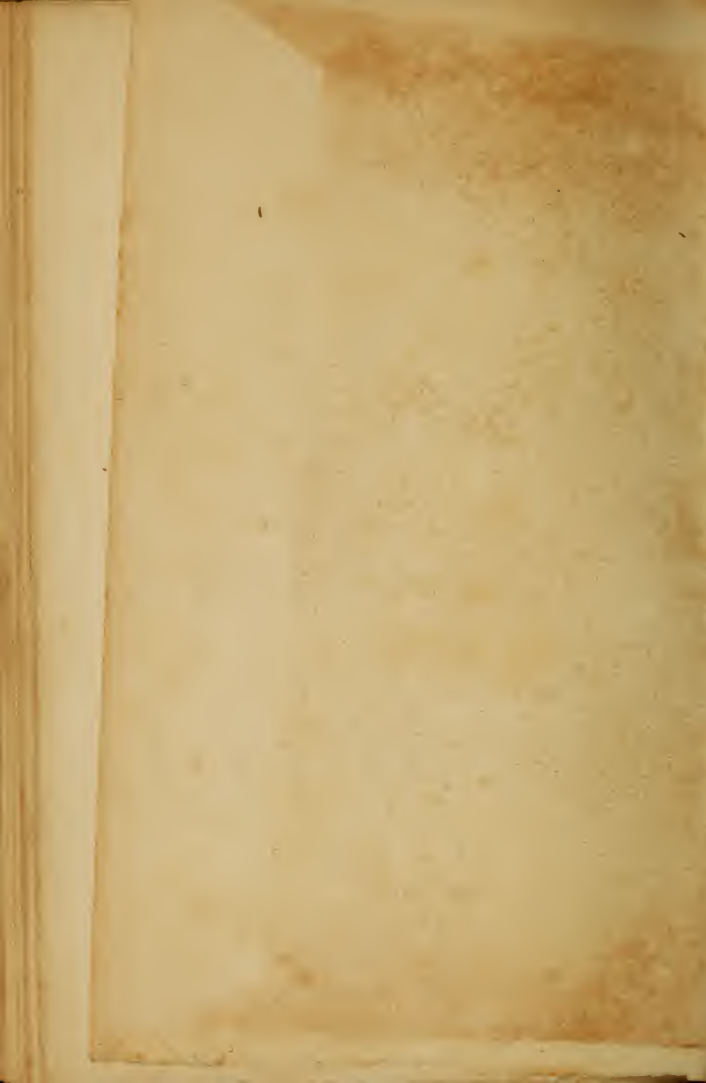












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p. +

THE publisher has heretofore printed in three volumes, a collection of National Songs and Ballads—Naval, Military, and Patriotic—containing about seven hundred pieces. This work was originally published at \$2.25 a set. A few copies remain on hand, which are now offered at the reduced price of \$1.50 the set—or 50 cents a volume. This is the only complete collection of American National Songs and Ballads ever published.

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